Cabinets and Cabinet Making—By Hon. Charles Emory Smith

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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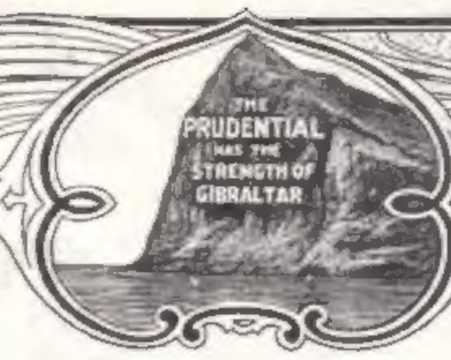
DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

The First Cabinet Meeting

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia



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Cabinets and Cabinet Making

By Charles Emory Smith

Former Postmaster-General of the United States

CABINET MAKING is always a fascinating work to those who engage in it speculatively. It is the journalist's delight and the politician's game. But to the President, who has the real responsibility and whose Administration may be largely made or marred by his choice, it is often a most difficult and puzzling task.

At first blush it would seem easy enough to pick out eight men from the whole country to sit around the Cabinet table. But once seriously undertaken the problem is found to involve factors which complicate and perplex it. The members of the Cabinet must be the personal choice of the President and yet men of right public relations. They must be agreeable to him in their personality and at the same time possess representative character. They are not only his Constitutional advisers and his executive arm in the administration of the Government, but his daily associates. Then they are expected to be geographically distributed over the country, if this unwritten law can be blended with other requisites. They must be selected with reference not merely to their fitness for their respective departments, but to their general qualifications for the national council board. In short, they should combine personal acceptability, administrative capacity, broad judgment and experience, and sound public repute.

When these tests are applied and the practical limitations are remembered, the range of choice is much narrower than would at first be imagined. There are plenty of men who would make good officials, but they either are not known or have not the right environment. These difficulties confront selections for other high positions as well as for Cabinet places. Through the exigencies and consequences of the Spanish War, President McKinley had many important appointments to make. He had to name the Peace Commission, the two Philippine Commissions, various Boards of Inquiry, and so on. No one knew the men of the country so well as he did; and yet as the field was scanned with his associates it was frequently remarked how few men available for places of rank were in sight. Most of those whose names naturally suggested themselves were already in place. Indeed, in making up the Peace Commission the President was constrained to go to the Senate for three of the five.

In the earlier days members of the Cabinet were often drawn from the Senate. Webster twice passed from the one branch to the other. Clay had been in the Senate, but went from the House to the State Department. Buchanan, Clayton, Cass, Seward, Chase and Fessenden were called from the Senate to the Cabinet. Even in later days the roll is long. Blaine, Morrill, Sherman, Windom, Teller, Howe, Bayard, Garland, Lamar and Carlisle were all tempted from the Senate by Cabinet honors and opportunities.

But this change becomes less and less common. The Senate grows in power and the Cabinet grows in work and responsibility. The Senate is a forum of debate and the Cabinet a theatre of action. Everything in the Senate is under the public eye and much of the Cabinet work is behind closed doors. With the prodigious growth of the country and the vast expansion of the public service in every direction the labor of the Cabinet official and the demands upon his time and watchfulness have increased enormously. The strong Senators shrink from the transfer, and the weak ones are not wanted. With this substantial elimination of the Senate from the field of choice, the range becomes still more limited.

Garfield's Eleventh-Hour Cabinet

The President-elect thus passes most of the time from his election in November to his inauguration in March in constructing a Cabinet, and it is sometimes still unfinished or materially recast on the eve of his accession. The Cabinet of President Garfield might almost be called the Eleventh-Hour Cabinet. Three of its members were named and placed at the last minute. Senator Allison was sought for the Treasury, as he has been so many times. No other man of our day has been so often pressed to enter the Cabinet. His long experience, his broad knowledge of all public affairs, his sobriety of judgment, his equipoise, make him a conspicuously wise and safe counselor, and every President of his party wants the advantage of his service.

Presidents Harrison and McKinley both asked and urged him in vain to take the management of the nation's finances. Neither offer seriously attracted him, for his great position in the Senate was then securely fixed. But under Garfield, when he was considerably younger and his Senatorial career had not been so long and exceptional, he was strongly tempted. He had served in the House with the newly elected President, and both in the House and Senate with Blaine, who was to be the Premier, and the association of the trio in the three great executive offices looked inviting.

But Allison, always wary and never lacking in insight, finally declined just before the inauguration, and his refusal seriously deranged the slate. Two changes were made necessary. Senator Windom, who had been selected for the Interior, was transferred to the Treasury, and Allison's colleague, Senator Kirkwood, was hurriedly decided on for the Interior. The time was so short that he was not even consulted, and the first he knew of his appointment was when his nomination was submitted to the body of which he was a member.

These selections proved to be entirely judicious. The assassination of President Garfield cut short Mr. Windom's first term and gave him little opportunity. But in his second term, under President Harrison, he displayed marked aptitude and capacity for financial administration, and his tragic death while expounding his policies at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in New York lent a halo to his public service.

Mr. Kirkwood was a quaint, rugged figure whose hard sense and sterling qualities underneath an unpolished exterior commanded universal respect.

There was still another decision at the last moment. The designation of the Cabinet member from New York had hung fire from the first. Senator Conkling demanded that the Empire State should have nothing less than the Treasury, and he was disposed to be exacting and unyielding. This was his natural temper, and the consciousness of his great services made him the more self-assertive. He had gone into the Presidential campaign reluctantly, for he disliked Garfield; but when he finally smothered his feelings and stripped for the fight he fought like a giant. His powerful speech at the great meeting with Grant at Warren, Ohio, was a trumpet blast, and his whole trip through the doubtful States was a conqueror's tour. His friends claimed that he had saved the day, and the return he insisted on was that New York should have the Treasury portfolio. His candidate was Levi P. Morton, or, if that could not be, Charles J. Folger.

But Garfield recoiled, for precisely the same reason which led President Roosevelt, in recently seeking a successor to Secretary Gage, to look away from New York. He did not want to expose himself to the imputation of placing the Treasury under the influence of Wall Street. He knew the strength of combining financial capacity with broader popular contact and sympathy. He therefore sought to escape the dilemma by recognizing the man and reserving the place. With this idea he tendered the Navy portfolio to Mr. Morton, who was disposed to accept it. But Mr. Conkling was tenacious and uncompromising, and under his influence

President McKinley's Cabinet

Morton at last rejected the proffer. As an alternative, Thomas L. James, the model Postmaster of New York, had been considered for Postmaster-General, and this appointment, in the line of good public service and rational politics, was settled on the afternoon of the day before inauguration.

The Cabinet thus born through many throes had great strength, together with seeds of schism. Mr. Blaine was inevitably a dominating figure wherever he was. Attorney-General MacVeagh, brilliant, skeptical, satirical, incisive, did not naturally affiliate with the Premier. Had there been no interruption it would have been interesting to watch the play of these two astute and dexterous men. But the assassination of Garfield, only four months after he took the oath, changed the whole face of affairs, and with the accession of President Arthur the Cabinet soon went to pieces. Blaine was followed by the amiable, graceful and feeble Frelinghuysen, who succeeded in upsetting all that his predecessor had done. MacVeagh gave way to Brewster, whose ruffled shirts and courtly manners comported with his polished graces of speech and his ingenuous innocence of the sinuosities of politics.

The Treasury portfolio was handed over to New York, where Senator Conkling, backed by Vice-President Arthur, had originally tried to place it. Mr. Morton was away as Minister to France, and Judge Folger was called to the Cabinet. It was one of the saddest misfits in our history. Judge Folger had extraordinary forensic ability. Had he been sent to the United States Senate, as he should have been instead of Lapham, who was one of the two elected at the time of the Conkling and Platt resignations, he would soon have ranked among the most forceful members of that body.

His talent for the parliamentary field was strikingly displayed in the State Senate of New York where he was for years the recognized and undisputed leader. He was there when the waves of the Tweed corruption surged over the Legislature, and his robust honesty and fearless courage shone in the good fight against it. On one occasion a Senator who had notoriously been bribed to vote for the Tweed bills was making a pitiful and contemptible apology for his perfidy. He was deserting his political associates, and in his miserable cant he quoted: "'Tis hard to part when friends are dear." "Will the Senator name the price?" growled Folger from his seat across the chamber, and, while the spectators were all breathless, the wretched corruptionist almost sank to the floor under the withering blow.

But, eminently fitted as Judge Folger was for the legislative arena, he lacked the aptitude for administrative work. He made the capital mistake of burying himself in details and allowing himself to be crushed under the load. Instead of letting the subordinates relieve him of the mass of small things and reserving his own time and strength for the large questions of policy, he felt that he must give his personal attention to everything. In a great Department like the Treasury this was simply suicide. In connection with the disastrous failure of his canvass for Governor in the midst of his service it killed him. A trick had been played by some fool friends in his nomination; he was absolutely innocent of any complicity; but the people resented it and elected Cleveland over him by 192,000 majority. The humiliation of this mortifying defeat and the exhaustion of his too minute labors sent him to a premature grave.

The Clever Generalship of Lincoln

There are two theories of Cabinet-making. One is to group together the great and recognized party leaders and the possible or the actual Presidential competitors. The other is to choose strong and representative men, but rather with reference to their personal fitness and mutual accord than to their party leadership. Lincoln made up his Cabinet on the former theory. He took Seward, Chase, Cameron and Bates, who had all been candidates in the nominating convention against him, and called the energetic Stanton only when the necessities of the war compelled. It was a Cabinet of great distinction, but of dissension and conflict. Seward and Chase represented antagonistic elements of the party; they had their own rival ambitions; their friends were always quarreling, and they shared in the struggle.

Lincoln was great enough to manage even these powerful leaders, but it required all his tact and skill. A Senate cabal undertook to force Seward out of the Cabinet. Chase, who was a party to the movement, agreed to aid it. When Lyman Trumbull and the other Senatorial conspirators presented themselves to Lincoln with Chase, and counted on the latter's positive and active advocacy, he shrank from the direct issue, and they went away denouncing him. Seward was finally stung by the persistent opposition into placing his resignation in the President's hands.

Lincoln then manœuvred to get Chase's resignation as well. In his play against Seward, Chase prepared it and went to the White House with no expectation of actually delivering it, but intending to use the possibility as a leverage against his rival. Lincoln managed to get hold of it, and then with the unwilling resignations of both in his possession he was master of the situation. Neither wanted to go out, and, with the club in his hands, Lincoln compelled them to cease their contest and then tore up the papers. But, illustrious as they were, it is doubtful whether a Cabinet thus constituted possesses the largest measure of efficiency.

The Construction of the McKinley Cabinet

The McKinley Cabinet was constructed on the second theory. Through his long service in Congress and his wide journeyings on the stump President McKinley had an unequaled knowledge of the public men of the country. But with all his skill and knowledge the framing of his Cabinet was no easy task. He had four different men in mind at different stages of the construction for Secretary of the Treasury, but returned in the end to the one toward whom his thought had first been directed. Mr. Bliss was first offered the Navy portfolio, and, though more attractive to him than any other, he declined that or any other place, and at last on the day before the inauguration was almost dragged into the Interior, and Judge McKenna, who had been designed for the Interior, took the Attorney-Generalship.

When at length the Cabinet was completed substantially as President McKinley wanted it, it was marked, if not unique, in two respects—first, in its unselfish loyalty to its chief; and, second, in its absolute unity and concord. The members were supremely devoted to the President and to their work under him, and they were in perfect agreement among themselves. There were no conflicts, no bickerings and no rivalries. If it were permissible, much might be said of some of the members by one of their colleagues, but it is unnecessary now, and their records speak for themselves. This much at least is in order, that, though other Cabinets have had members of longer and more distinguished public service, it is doubtful if among them all there has been a more harmonious and efficient working Cabinet.

This was due in large part to the fine skill and leadership of President McKinley. He brought out the best in his associates. He recognized them as real advisers and responsible heads of departments, and not as mere agents of the Executive. He encouraged them to mark out their own lines and develop their own methods. There was not one of them but felt that the President was there, with his superior wisdom and consummate art of doing things, to suggest and modify and control. His judgment was sure to be the best judgment. He guided and moulded, and often pointed out both means and end. No man was ever more thoroughly the President. But he liked and allowed freedom; he stimulated individual thought and effort; he sought and was ready to accept counsel, and he had that quality of greatness that strengthens and supports its own best with the best about it.

Most of the later Cabinets have been constructed more nearly on the McKinley theory than the Lincoln theory, though some of them have aimed to blend the two. President Hayes did a wise thing in making John Sherman Secretary of the Treasury. He thus brought to his side the strength of a potential party leader and assured a capable administration of the finances at a critical time. Outside of Sherman the Cabinet was essentially individual. The two conspicuous men were Evarts and Schurz, both large public figures and giving the Administration the popular respect which goes with high character and purpose, but not representing a political following.

The Strength of Sherman and Blaine

When President Harrison was elected it was universally expected that he would make Mr. Blaine Secretary of State. It was the friends of Mr. Blaine who had nominated him and they counted on their leader being put at the head of the Cabinet. Did the President have some intuition of a possible clash? Whether he did or not, there was certainly very unusual delay in communicating the summons. November and December passed without bringing the invitation, and Mr. Blaine, who did not conceal his desire to return to the State Department to take up the work interrupted by Garfield's assassination, was troubled and anxious. When at last the letter came, near the middle of January, it was cordial and hearty, and removed all misgivings.

For three years, notwithstanding a few keen personal disagreements and disappointments, they worked together well. President Harrison appreciated Mr. Blaine's genius and extraordinary knowledge of affairs, and Mr. Blaine justly measured the President's great intellectual power. It often happened that when the Cabinet had deliberated for a long time over a mooted question and was still uncertain, Mr. Blaine, who had seemed absorbed in some other matter, would come in at the close with a five-minute statement which brought out an old law, or cited an unfamiliar precedent, or presented a clarifying proposition which instantly settled the question. His range and wealth of resource were a constant surprise. On the other hand, he fully recognized the strength and penetration of the President. In the Bering Sea issue with Great Britain Mr. Blaine presented the historical and controversial sides of the question with luminous force, but when it came to formulating the exact propositions for arbitration he asked the President to give them the precise statement in which he was so superior. They supplemented each other, and it was a misfortune that differences clouded the close of their association.

In making both his Cabinets President Cleveland combined the political and the personal elements. For the first he took three men of high reputation from the Senate, and one or two from his personal association. For the second he politically transformed Mr. Gresham, transplanted Mr. Carlisle from the Senate, and discovered Mr. Olney in the recesses of a Boston law office. This was a discovery of the first order. Others had varying degrees of success or otherwise, but Mr. Olney entered upon a career and left a fame.

The blending of personal and political elements in the Cabinet is entirely harmonious with our American system. Under the English system the Cabinet represents the Parliament and is chosen from the leaders who have achieved position there. Under the American theory of the three coördinate legislative, executive and judicial branches, the Cabinet does not represent Congress, but constitutes the administrative force of the Executive, and the President should have, as he does have more and more distinctly, his personal choice.

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "The Congressman's Wife"

IT WOULD seem to me that no boom town out in my own beloved wild and woolly West ever has had the capacity to undergo more cataclysmal changes than this town does, in the shortest possible time, too, and in spite of the three years of my sojourn here I am only beginning to know and understand the earmarks of my Washington. But, as everything "goeth like Penelope's web," perhaps it is no wonder that what one day effects another destroys.

The first change that has been borne in upon me of late was when I made my round of the Cabinet at the beginning of the New Year. I made my first calls on that day as a Senator's wife, for I have never believed in that old wrangle that has always existed between the Cabinet women and the women of the Senate as to which ranks the other, and so I made the first calls. I went to the few houses open that day—Secretary Root's, Secretary Knox's, Secretary Hitchcock's and Secretary Wilson's—and as I looked around I had some difficulty to keep from rubbing my eyes then and there.

What had become of all the eager visitors who used to throng these rooms? Where was the Ambassadress, with her pretty broken English, making her international rounds? Where were all the Senatorial women who ought to be there doing their duty as I was doing mine? Where were all the busy tourists from every quarter of the Union, with their guide books and short skirts, who usually "do up" the Cabinet and investigate the Cabinet ladies as they investigate the specimens at the National Museum? Where was the great democratic horde that was wont to come in only to sample the tea-table? And where was the brisk woman journalist who knows everybody and everything, and who chronicles social things in her paper? Where had all the familiar throng vanished to? For they had vanished, and I felt a good deal like Cinderella when her coach and six horses had disappeared on the stroke of twelve. Mine had disappeared and only the old yellow pumpkin remained. I rushed away from my last Cabinet house determined to interview the first well-posted Washingtonian I met as to this remarkable change in Cabinet receptions.

I made my way to an exclusive house high up on Pennsylvania Avenue and quite out of the fashionable section of the town. It was one of the old "cave-dwellers'" houses. I knew that I should find a choice circle gathered there for five-o'clock tea. Sure enough, there were my century-ago friend Miss Clemmie, and old General C——, with his carefully guarded army manners, his button, the "Order of the Cincinnati," in his coat, partly hidden by the red, daily carnation. General C—— is an old-time retired officer who knows everything and everybody. There, too, was Mrs. Blank, Senator Blank's wife, and a host of others all drawn around the tea-table. I asked breathlessly:

"Does anybody know what has happened to the Cabinet days?"

"Nothing, except that they all seem to be numbered," said some one significantly.

"Oh, I don't mean that," said I, smiling at the suggestion, "but nobody seems to be making Cabinet visits this year."

"Well," said General C——, "it's life's mutability, I suppose. I know of nothing that goes on just as it is set except a clock."

"It isn't life's mutability; it's grumbling and bad manners," said Mrs. Blank with decision. "I've been in Washington twenty years, and the reason people do not flock to the Cabinet houses as they used to is because the Cabinet women have habitually grumbled and complained about the arduousness of their Wednesday receptions until Washington is worn out with it. They began years ago to decline to return any citizen's visit and sent cards, then gradually they ceased in most cases even to send cards in return, then they followed that up by abolishing their tea-tables on account of expense, and we all of us know there is nothing to ruin even the most lowly in tea and wafers. Finally, nowadays, along with the abolishment of the tea-tables some of them have abolished their good manners, and people upon going to their houses have been frozen stiff——"

"But," interrupted General C——, with a man's idea of there being another side to it, "is it not, perhaps, a move in the right direction? Was not the old order of things something of an imposition, when hundreds of strangers actually stampeded the Cabinet houses? Surely a 'wise man's day is worth a fool's whole life' according to Arabic philosophy."

"That all may be," said Mrs. Blank, who was very much in earnest. "No doubt the privileges have always been

Editor's Note—These papers, by the author of The Diary of a Congressman's Wife, will appear fortnightly.

abused by the public, but there is a certain duty that is obligatory. No one expects the Cabinet ladies to do more than their duty in the way of graciousness and politeness, for an archangel could not do more than his duty to advantage, but I am out of patience with official grumbling and the official cold shoulder. It is beginning even to creep into our Senatorial set. Mrs. Senator X—— tells me she cannot give up Thursdays to receiving because her bridge-whist team meets that day, and the Z —— girls, Senator Z ——'s sisters, gave a tea on one of their Thursdays and then wondered why they had so many uninvited guests, when they were only poor unsuspecting folk trying to make up their Senatorial visits and much befogged when they learned they were *de trop*."

"Well," said Miss Clemmie, "times are indeed changed. In my young days no Cabinet lady ever neglected her reception day. She always went upon the principle that any duty evaded was likely to come back with seven other duties at its back. Every visitor at a Cabinet house used to be entitled to a return visit, and every visitor received some time during each season a card of invitation to an evening reception, which in those days was called a state reception. I remember," said Miss Clemmie with a smile of recollection, "that the Frelinghuysen girls, when their father was Secretary of State, used to say that they could stand any sort of visitor except the 'white bonnet' women, and that when a string of women came in with impossible white felt bonnets on their heads they always gave up."

"Oh, well, in the general order of things," said General C—— reminiscently, "social matters must necessarily change, and this passing of the Cabinet receptions goes along with the passing of the cambric necktie in Congress, and the passing of the roystering clique of legislators that used to run Congress, and of the lobbyist who, as somebody has described, was 'a puffy, arrogant individual who hauled Senators and Representatives around by the buttonhole in plain view of all hands outside legislative chambers.' I can remember when a game of poker could be played in almost any committee-room at the Capitol, but no legislator would even play casino, or grab, or old maid behind closed doors to-day. Oh, times have changed! They changed for public men for good when 'To let' was put up on John Chamberlin's door. And I don't believe that any sane person will regret the passing of the Cabinet receptions."

I pondered on what General C—— had said as I left the "cave-dwellers" behind me and went my rounds. That very night I encountered the subject again, together with General C——, at one of the largest and most important official functions of the winter. As usual, there was a group of us all talking at once and holding quite a court at one end of the big suite of rooms. Everybody who came along joined for a few minutes, and gossip, jest and comment ran high. I had been speaking of the changes that take place so rapidly in Washington and of the passing of things. I said:

"General C—— says that along with the passing of Cabinet receptions is the joyful fact that the white cambric tie in Congress is passing."

"Yes," said Senator P——, "it certainly is. Why, even Joe Bailey, since he came over to us, has taken off his white cambric tie and his low-cut waistcoat, and is a great swell. And Simon, of Oregon, has donned a frock coat and a high silk hat, and I don't know of anybody who has taken on the 'Senatorial habit' quicker than has Slocum," said the Senator with a chuckle and glancing at me.

"Well," said I, nettled a bit, "there's a certain dignity belonging to the Senate. Had Cicero himself chosen to be eccentric and pronounced one of his orations with a blanket on instead of a toga no one would have listened to him. I think the way some of the new members of Congress hustle around in their old clothes is terrific."

A member of the House spoke up with pride:

"Ah! but have you seen Alexander, of New York, and Butler, of Missouri? They are the two best-dressed men

Ex-Speaker Reed

in the House, and as for Belmont, he's out of sight."

"Yes," ejaculated Senator Blank and Robert in a breath. "Belmont *is* out of sight, but his new collar is not, and we'll venture to say that no such piece of haberdashery has been seen in the halls of Congress in years. It is a cross between the Henry Clay and the Gladstone collars."

"Yes, it is wonderful," admitted the member of the House; "and we have another well-got-up man in our branch of Congress—Henderson, the Speaker. Why, he's prouder of his Keokuk-made frock coat than Belmont is of his whole outfit. You know Henderson is not only proud of his Keokuk coat but he's proud of the House. He always speaks of it as '*My* House.' And if we have a man who still clings to the white cambric tie, as Judge Richardson, of Alabama, does, why, it pairs with Hepburn's red one."

"Well," said Mrs. Blank with decision, "I think that no man in either branch of Congress should ever appear in any but a frock coat. I was struck with the way the Senate looked the other day after the Foraker wedding. Every man, nearly, had been to the wedding, and every man had a wedding flower or favor in the lapel of his frock coat, and they looked impressive. I have never seen Senator Hale or Senator Beveridge in a business suit in the Senate Chamber, which to my mind is an evidence of their idea of fitness."

"You'd have us all go around like a glorified afternoon tea, then?" queried Senator P—— dryly.

"Speaking of Hale," laughed Robert, "was anything ever more amusing than his retort in the discussion of the Naval Reserve Bill concerning the value of militia in war. Hale is always against everything, pretty much, of that sort, and when Spooner in a spirited speech in behalf of the militia pointed out that the display made by the National Guard of the different States on Pennsylvania Avenue on the occasion of any national parade is inspiring, and a sufficient evidence of the practicability of the militia, Hale said with impressive earnestness:

"'Yes, that is so, but the loss of life on Pennsylvania Avenue is never serious.'

"You should have heard the Senate roar," wound up Robert. After the laugh had subsided Mrs. Blank said:

"I'm not so sure that the loss of life on Pennsylvania Avenue is never serious. It came pretty nearly being so in September upon the sad occasion of the obsequies of our lamented President in the Rotunda. I was here in Washington and, like others, went to the Rotunda for the services and to look upon the face of the dead. You remember, all of you, the terrible crush there was and how many people were injured? Well, when I finally succeeded in getting out of the Capitol and found that I was still living I looked about me. I was out upon the Avenue just at the foot of the big steps on the East Front, and there I saw an old negro mammy. She was of the bandanna, plantation type of the past. She was entirely disheveled. Her bandanna was gone, her shawl was gone, her umbrella was gone, the skirt of her gown was torn in ribbons and the rain was pelting down upon her. I hurried over to her, for she was in evident distress.

"'Why, mammy, what is the matter?'

"'I'se tryin' to fin' my things, honey, but it 'pears like they's gone for good.'

"'Where are they? What's happened?' asked I.

"'I don' know, honey. I'se all tored to pieces. I'se been to de front.'

"Of course," continued Mrs. Blank, "there was something pathetic in this old woman's attitude; at the same time I had to laugh at her turn of speech, for nothing but that expression 'been to the front' described that terrible scene of panic and injury."

Here I chipped in with a funny happening of my own. I said: "I went to-day to visit the wife of one of our contingent from my own beloved Spruce City. The husband has just lately been appointed to an official position here of no mean importance, and by way of being agreeable to the wife I remarked to her:

"'I hear that your husband's appointment is very popular.'

"'Yes,' she said with pride, 'Pa does seem to be a good deal run after for he's eat out twice this week!'"

There was a shout at this, and Senator P—— said suspiciously: "I believe you made that up, Mrs. Slocum."

"No," said I, "that story is bona fide. But while on the subject of dining I do wish you men of the Senate would institute a reform in your café. It is positively cruel to have each Senator's heart's desire laid bare to the public over the lunch counter in the outer room the way it is. Why should a waiter tell the whole world that Senator Mason will have 'one piece of apple pie?' or that 'six fried oysters' are the size of Senator Frye's appetite? And it is far worse when by chance any man has visitors, for then one hears the appalling announcement shouted out: 'One piece hot mince pie, one piece lemon pie, one order of plum pudding and one Charlotte Russe for Senator Fairbanks;' and one has indigestion in just hearing it, for the inference is, to the uninitiated, that Fairbanks is going to eat all four kinds of dessert."

"It is too bad," laughed Senator P——, "but you would have thought that it was particularly trying and significant when, the other day, the dullest-witted official, by common consent, in the whole Government came into the restaurant and immediately the waiter shouted out: 'One order of calves'-foot jelly for Mr. ——.' General Wilson leaned across to me and whispered:

"'It seems to be a case of extremes meeting.'"

And the Senator chuckled not a little at the fitness of General Wilson's remark.

Senator Hoar

Representative Ruppert

Representative Richardson

Senator Bailey

THOMPSON'S PROGRESS

By Cutcliffe Hyne

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He didn't know much about cock-fighting, . . . but he was very full up about copper"

THE COCKPIT COPPER MINE

HOPHNI ASQUITH took off his coat and cuffs, put on a long, checked cotton garment which reached to his heels and was locally known as a "brat," walked up to the high desk in front of the office windows, and prepared for work. Then he changed his mind and turned round to his partner. "Well, Tom, what is it? You look as if you had something on your mind."

"Never can tell where business tumbles up against you," said Tom with a chuckle. "Now, yesterday, by the side of a cockpit—it was near Keighley, if you don't happen to know—there was a man who tried to sell me a copper mine."

"Ah! Shouldn't touch it. Once bitten, twice shy, you know."

"The man was a Spaniard."

Hophni turned his back to the window and the high desk and looked more interested.

"He didn't know much about cock-fighting, and both the birds he backed got beaten, but he was very full up about copper. His name's Eugstera, it seems, and according to the account he put into my ear this mine he's got hold of wants a very little development, and then will yield a fortune."

"They all will."

"It's near Estremella."

"Oh!"

"And I'm afraid it occupies the exact site of the Todos Santos mine, though Eugstera offers it under an entirely different name."

"But—— But didn't he know who you were?"

"He knew I was T. Thompson, of Bradford, a man who was reported to have a lot of money, and one who didn't mind talking over a speculation which would make a lot more. But, if you'll kindly recollect, we don't hold the Todos Santos in our own names. We couldn't afford to be associated with flutters of that description."

Hophni Asquith winced. "I know it was all my doing that we went in for it. I acted for the best, Tom, at the time. I only believed what was told me."

"I generally test and prove things for myself, lad, and then believe 'em, and that's the difference between us. But I'm not blaming you. The property is ours, and just now it has a distinct appearance of value."

"Still, I don't quite see what the game of this man Eugstera can be. There's nothing wrong with our title-deeds, is there?"

"Not that I know of. But I take it that from what we agreed upon a month ago we are about tired of putting money into the concern, and that if our manager out there didn't report that he was on to paying ore in another eight weeks' time we were going to tell him to shut down."

"Yes, and I must say I quite looked forward to writing off as lost all the brass we'd sunk there."

"Quite so. Nothing like knowing how to cut a loss in time. On general principles, if we'd had a definite bid made for the derelict, we should have snapped at it, however small it might be, on the grounds that any salvage out of the wreck is better than none. As it is, I should say you'd better run down to Spain and look into things yourself. Our mine-manager at Estremella is either a fool or a swindler, and he can be dealt with best on the spot. Let's see, Stone his name is, isn't it?"

The pallid Hophni put out the hand of horror. "Me, Tom? I've never been out of England in my life, and I don't intend trying. Besides—well, Tom, I want to make a gentleman of my eldest lad, and I'm sending him to Harrow this next week, and I think I should be here myself to see him off. You must go, Tom. You know the language, you understand the people, and traveling suits you. Whilst you're away you'll probably work out some entirely new invention or idea that'll double the business here when you get home again. That's your usual habit."

"I suppose there's no tearing you away, and as I've done my best, lad, I'm not going to complain further. There's nothing like having a drudge of a partner who'll stay at home and work things out. We seem to dovetail in together pretty well, Hophni. I'll wire Eugstera to meet me in Estremella."

It was acting on this agreement, then, that Tom that night sent a telegram to his wife, ran up to London, and next morning caught the Charing Cross boat-train in company with Mrs. Thompson, who left her infant with its grandmother and insisted on accompanying him.

"I'd much rather you hadn't come, dear," said Tom as they bobbed across the Channel. "It's delicious having you with me, but there's only a long, rattling railway journey to offer you, with an ugly copper mine at the farther end, and probably some very ugly dealings with some very ugly men. But, happy thought! you shall stay at Biarritz, and amuse yourself there till I get the business through and can join you."

"Nothing of the kind. I shall come, too. Mines interest me. Do you think I could marry a man with such troglodytic tastes as yours, Tom, without getting a liking myself for caves, and quarries, and holes in the ground? Besides, if there are going to be ugly dealings, as you say, all the more reason I should come, too, to look after you. I'm a very capable woman, Mr. Thompson."

"You're a dear, Mary, and I wish there weren't so many people on this blessed boat. But, anyway, you may consider yourself kissed."

The *fonda* which gave them hospitality in the little town of Estremella was, to say the least of it, primitive, and not inviting for a prolonged stay. Tom's original plan of campaign was a simple one. Thompson & Asquith were not known as owners of the Todos Santos mine; they ran it through an agent, and even Stone, the mine-manager in Estremella, did not know the names of his real employers. All that was necessary for Tom to do was to hunt up Eugstera and see what he had to offer. Then if this Eugstera mine proved to be of value, and proved to be also the Todos Santos mine, explanations and adjustments could follow afterward. So, on the morning after his arrival, Tom took a sturdy ash plant and paid a call at the Casa Eugstera.

He was received with elaborate politeness, shown into a large, cool room which was furnished liberally with whitewash and straw-bottomed chairs, and presently, after the interval necessary for the assumption of hair, reception dress, and an extra coat of rice powder, the Señora Eugstera, a tall, lean old lady of many graces, came in to ask that he would graciously be seated. In reply to the old lady's florid civility, he strained his Spanish into its most elaborate sentences, and the pair of them exchanged compliments and beautiful emptinesses to the extent of thirty-five enduring minutes, without in the least touching upon anything so material as the wealth of a copper vein.

The Señora to all appearances would have found delight in the continuance of this edifying exercise for the remainder of the day, but Tom presently discovered that it was ceasing to amuse him, and began with Northern directness to come straight to the point.

"In the lamented absence of your son, whom it was my honor to meet, as I have told you, in England, perhaps you could give me the information I've come about?"

The lady replied with a lean and powdered smile that any information in her poor possession was entirely at the disposition of the Señor.

"It's copper I'm after," Mr. Thompson suggested; "and if the Señor, your son, can show a good thick lode which he has to sell, and which will assay well, I'm the man that will buy it from him for cash."

The lady was desolated, but she was so unfortunate as to have no understanding for these matters, and from this polite attitude she refused to budge. If the Señor would only wait for the return of her son, then all the mineral interests of the neighborhood would be willingly displayed for his pleasure. Her son was a great geologist, college-taught from Madrid. She herself was a poor, simple creature who did not know one rock from another, and it desolated her to be so useless to the Señor.

"You're an artful old bird!" thought Tom to himself; "that's what's the matter with you. You've had a wire from your dear son to hold your tongue, and you're doing it artistically. But your face talks. You keep it as expressionless as you're able, and you've plastered it with a good, useful layer of whitening. But it's my trade to read faces and eyes. You knew who I was and what I wanted the moment I came into the room."

They dropped once more into the florid compliments of leavetaking, and then Tom went out from the cool gloom of the house into the glare of the morning sun. He was wondering very much why his Keighley cockpit acquaintance, Eugstera, had not come down to Estremella to meet him according to arrangement. "Looks to me," he said to his wife as they sat in a café over *déjeuner*—"It looks to me, Mary, my dear, as if this excellent person had suddenly discovered that he was trying to sell the Todos Santos mine to the owners of the Todos Santos mine, and concluded that the operation was a cut above his financial ability."

"Ye—es; for a guess, that's a likely one."

"Now, I've a strong notion that Master Eugstera has hit off the ore-vein. You know, it does exist somewhere. It was there right enough when we took up the mine, and for two months we dug out copper ore that looked like giving one a fortune. Then it pinched out, and all the money's gone back into the mine, and a lot more to boot, in trying to find it again. Now, whether that man's found the lode or not, he's been trying to work off a very cute swindle on a firm I much respect, and that's Thompson & Asquith. Under ordinary circumstances I might be disposed to buy out his information, but as things are I'm not inclined to hand over a *peseta* if it can be avoided."

"But don't you think it would be more profitable to pay and look pleasant? Mr. Eugstera is staying away from here at present, and you have a strong notion why. Presumably, his mother's in touch with him. Presumably, if she were approached, she could write to him, and it's likely he would surrender on terms. Wouldn't it be better business to pay than to fight?"

"Possibly. But I'm not all for profit-taking, Mary. If there were two sixpences, one of which I could pick up, and the other I could earn, I'd rather have the earned sixpence."

"Good boy. Now, I'll tell you something. Whilst you were flirting with that old lady this morning I've been busy. I tried to get a horse to ride, but as no horse was available, I got a mule, a huge, sixteen-hand creature that could climb like a goat, and I rode up to the top of the headland—our headland—under which the mine should be. Well, Tom, if Mr. Eugstera has found your copper outcrop—by the way, outcrop's the word, isn't it?—I know where it is."

"I always did tell myself," said Tom with deep conviction, "from the very first moment when we met over that trout, that you would make an extremely valuable wife. Now, Mary, don't you honestly think I was quite right in having that fish stuffed and set up in a handsome glass case? I admire it afresh every time I pass through the hall at Buton. And where is this copper outcrop?"

"All in good time. I'll tell you that presently. But as a cool afternoon's occupation don't you think you might take me over the mine as it stands?"

"H'm. Don't you think I'd better go alone there? It's probably dirty, and certainly wet."

"I'm not sugar, and I shouldn't melt. Furthermore, I'm the proud possessor of a cake of soap, and probably with pressure we should be able to get a basin of water, though I'll admit, if you like, that it won't be come by easily."

"Well, you see, dear, there may be a bit of a row. We know nothing about this fellow Stone, or the workmen—and I'd feel freer if I were without you."

"That's one very good reason why I should come. If there's a row, I'll stand behind my lord and defend his back. I'm a lusty young woman and, having some attachment for you, I'll see you aren't hurt. You needn't be frightened about me. To begin with, no one would try to meddle with me. I'm far too nice, and they're far too polite. And, if you like, I'll put that pistol of yours in my pocket as an extra safeguard."

"What do you know about my pistol?"

"I found out you were bringing one, and that's why I came tearing down here to Spain with you."

The mine, when during the course of that afternoon they came to visit it, exhibited to the outward air a somewhat squalid earthwork, and some sheds where the maximum of unsightliness had apparently been striven after, and certainly achieved. The mine itself was a network of galleries and shafts driven into the bowels of a headland which stood boldly out from a more or less level coast-line. The headland was flat or gently sloped on its crown, and grandly precipitous in its sides. The sheds round the mine's main mouth were huddled clumsily in under looming cliffs, or perched on giddy outriggers above the surf which crunched and boomed three hundred feet below. The tramway which carried the ore down to the river quay wormed round the flank of the cliffs on brackets and in galleries, and presented to the eye some dizzy engineering.

The original goat-track from the crown of the headland, which had once led to the mine, was now discarded, and callers stumbled up over the ties of the tram-line. Thus the Thompsons came; and Stone, the mine-manager, a small and precise Cornishman, received them in a drafty little office with visible stiffness. "Sir," he said formally when Tom had introduced himself, "if I'd known you'd been coming things would have been prepared for you. I wasn't even aware you were one of the owners. You'll excuse me if I say I don't think I've been treated very courteously. I suppose this is a surprise visit, and I'm sure you're welcome to see as much or as little as there is. But, if it wasn't for your lady here, I could offer you some language."

"Then, if that's the case," said Tom, who liked the little man's appearance, "I'm glad Mrs. Thompson is with me, because, if language starts, I can throw out a pretty healthy mouthful myself; and then I suppose there would be makings of a difference between us. You must take my word for it, Mr. Stone, that no discourtesy was intended when the actual ownership of this mine was kept hidden under an agent's name. You see, Mr. Asquith and I are in the wool business, and credit is part of our livelihood; and if we were known to

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Editor's Note—This is the ninth of twelve stories by Mr. Hyne descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The remaining stories will appear at intervals of about a month, and each will be complete in itself.

be plunging in a copper mine which didn't happen to be exactly—er—a Rio Tinto, our credit, don't you see, would be damaged. If one is successful in these things, it is all right; people admire one's cleverness and call it a fine speculation. But, if a man in another business gets hit over an outside flutter of this kind, people point an ugly finger at him and say, 'There goes a dangerous gambler.'"

"Well, sir," said Stone stiffly, "if that's the case, I think you've been wise in preserving your anonymity. The copper's pinched out, as you know, and I can hold out no prospects of refinding it. We've worked hard these last eight months; if you look over the cliff there you'll see we've filled up no inconsiderable part of the Bay of Biscay with our dump; but we haven't struck enough copper in all that time to form the alloy of a new half-sovereign. And it's beginning to be my opinion that you might dig down to—well, saving the lady's presence—to a place where copper would melt, and still not hit the lode again."

"Mr. Eugstera seemed to think otherwise," said Tom.

Stone flushed to a fine claret color and bristled ominously. "Well, if that skunk's your adviser, Mr. Thompson, I'll just resign here where I am, and you can have my next month's wages and put them in your pocket. If it wasn't for your lady here, I could give you my opinion of yourself and Mr. Blooming Eugstera, packed small."

Tom chuckled. "I can understand your feelings to a nicety. But still, what's wrong with Eugstera?"

"What's wrong? Everything. That man's been head general nuisance to me ever since I've been in Estremella. He's been everlastingly messing round. He's tried to queer the mine from the very start. He's tried to bribe me, and when I laid him out with a pick shaft, he tried to knife me. Then he set his friends on to do the same. And afterward, when I got a bit sick of that, and swore an information before the *alcalde* and got him so jolly well fined that he had to sell his stud of fighting cocks to keep out of jail, his old hag of a mother started in to try her hand. From first to last that Eugstera crew's been trying to pull out my tail feathers ever since I've been in the place."

"But what on earth could the Señora do?"

"Do? Why, she worked the *padre*. She got at him in some way, and persuaded him that I was a tyrant, and it was his duty to look after the welfare of my men. I'd been kicking against more than five saints' days a week, you understand, which is their custom here. And so there was I, landed in for a strike, and your blessed lawyer-chap in Bradford writing vinegar regular once a week about an unproductive mine. Well, Mr. Thompson, there was nothing for it but to square things."

The workmen in their rope-soled sandals had been plodding silently out of the tunnel into the sunshine, and lit up the homely buildings with blurs of generous color.

Stone displayed them with a contemptuous thumb. "There they are, you see, knocking off already. If they can earn enough to keep off starvation on a half-day's work, that's conclusive argument to them why they shouldn't do more. My land! If only I was King of Spain wouldn't I buck up this country! Now, sir, do you wish to go into the level and see the nothing you own there?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I'll just take a turn through, for old acquaintance' sake, and see the face you're working on."

"Old acquaintance?" puzzled Stone.

"I was a miner myself once—coal miner."

"You a miner!" grumbled Stone. "And now you're a millionaire, or getting on that way! Well, there might be a chance for me yet if only I'd the sense to quit this fools' trade." After which ambiguous remark he picked up a flare-lamp and led the way into the galleries.

The mining expert has for the amateur whom he takes over his burrows two entirely different manners. He can either be contemptuously tolerant or offensively technical. But when the deep meets deep, the mingling of ideas becomes more simple. Stone pointed out the line of the great fault where the copper-vein was sheared off.

"Ah! a 'throw' we call it in Yorkshire," said Tom. "I see you've followed it both ways. Strata much foliated?"

"That's not the word for it. They were just tied in knots, and ground small, and put down wrong way up. You shall see for yourself. But can your lady tackle this ladder?"

Mrs. Thompson said that she had not the advantage of being born into the mining profession, but that she had every intention of making up for that deficiency. She laid herself out to captivate this abrupt Mr. Stone, and did it most effectively; and when afterward they came to compare the workings with the plans in the office she showed a practical grip of the necessities of copper-mining that astonished even her husband.

"Well," said Stone at last, "you've seen for yourself how the mine promises, and I suppose you came here thinking I was either a fool or a swindler. Perhaps I was a swindler in drawing your pay so long, but I've had hopes. We mining engineers mostly do have hopes. But the end of my stock's arrived, and my advice to you is, sack me and close down to-morrow."

"And sell the mine for what it will fetch?" asked Tom.

"If you can get any flat to give you as much as five *pesetas* for your rights."

"There's been a sort of offer. At least, I judged that under certain circumstances Mr. Eugstera would make an offer."

"That hound? That sneaking thief? Mrs. Thompson, believe me, I'm not going to swear in your presence, but I'm thinking several things very rapidly just now."

"I'd better tell you what brought us out here," said Tom. "I like to see a cock-fight occasionally."

"I'm with you there, sir. I love to look on at a good main. It's the one attraction this beastly country offers. But the exasperating part of it is, they're always fought on Sundays, and of course, as a strict Congregationalist, I can't go."

"They're rather that way at Keighley, where this fight was. And, of course, on market days they're busy; but there's Saturday afternoon, you know. Anyhow, that's where I met Eugstera, and he wanted to sell me a copper mine on this very headland."

"But the Todos Santos owns all the mining rights."

"Precisely, and I naturally presumed he intended to buy them out. I wasn't known as a proprietor of Todos Santos, and I didn't claim knowledge of it."

"You wouldn't."

"I wanted to hear all he'd got to say. He was quite open about his find, and talked like a man who knew. He made out that the copper-vein was four feet thick, and suggested we should send an engineer to inspect, always supposing he and I could agree to some conditions of secrecy."

Stone wrinkled his forehead. "My land! but this looks like business. The hound may be the worst judge of a gamecock in the North of Spain, but when it comes to talking about copper he's on the ground floor. You're sure he meant our headland, and not somewhere else along the coast?"

"He described this ground unmistakably. Somehow or other I've got the idea he must have been clambering round the cliffs and found another outcrop. Or perhaps he used a boat and made it out with a glass from below."

"Then, sir, without disrespect, and meaning no offense to your lady here, you're bang wrong. I've been over every square foot of these cliffs myself, from skyline to water's edge. I climbed where I could, and where the rock was sheer I was lowered in a cradle by a wire rope. There wasn't so much as the color of copper anywhere, and though I thought one or two spots looked promising, and put on some men to make short drives, we never came on enough to make a shirt-stud head out of. It's my belief there's no copper at all on the property."

"But—how about his offer that my engineer should inspect?"

"It isn't always necessary that there should be copper for one to sell a copper mine. For an outside guess, he intended to nobble your engineer and bribe him with a share of the plunder. He's quite equal to it. The animal tried to bribe me as I've told you. And if you want a further clincher, here's one: he arranges to come down here, but when he finds that you are coming in person he doesn't turn up. How's that, umpire?"

"It nearly goes down, but not quite. It doesn't all fit together with quite enough exactness. And besides"—Tom laughed—"Mrs. Thompson is convinced she knows where this copper outcrops."

"My land! what's this?"

"Go on, Mary, tell us your idea. Mr. Stone, as you hear, says there's no copper, and though I don't quite agree with that, still, what amounts to the same thing, I don't know where it is. So you are our last remaining hope."

"Well, gentlemen," she said, "you know I went out for a ride on that great raking mule this morning to see the country. Mules are not easy gaited, and so I did not want to ride far. But mules are supposed to climb, so I thought I'd go to the top of the headland up there where I could see the country all laid out before me."

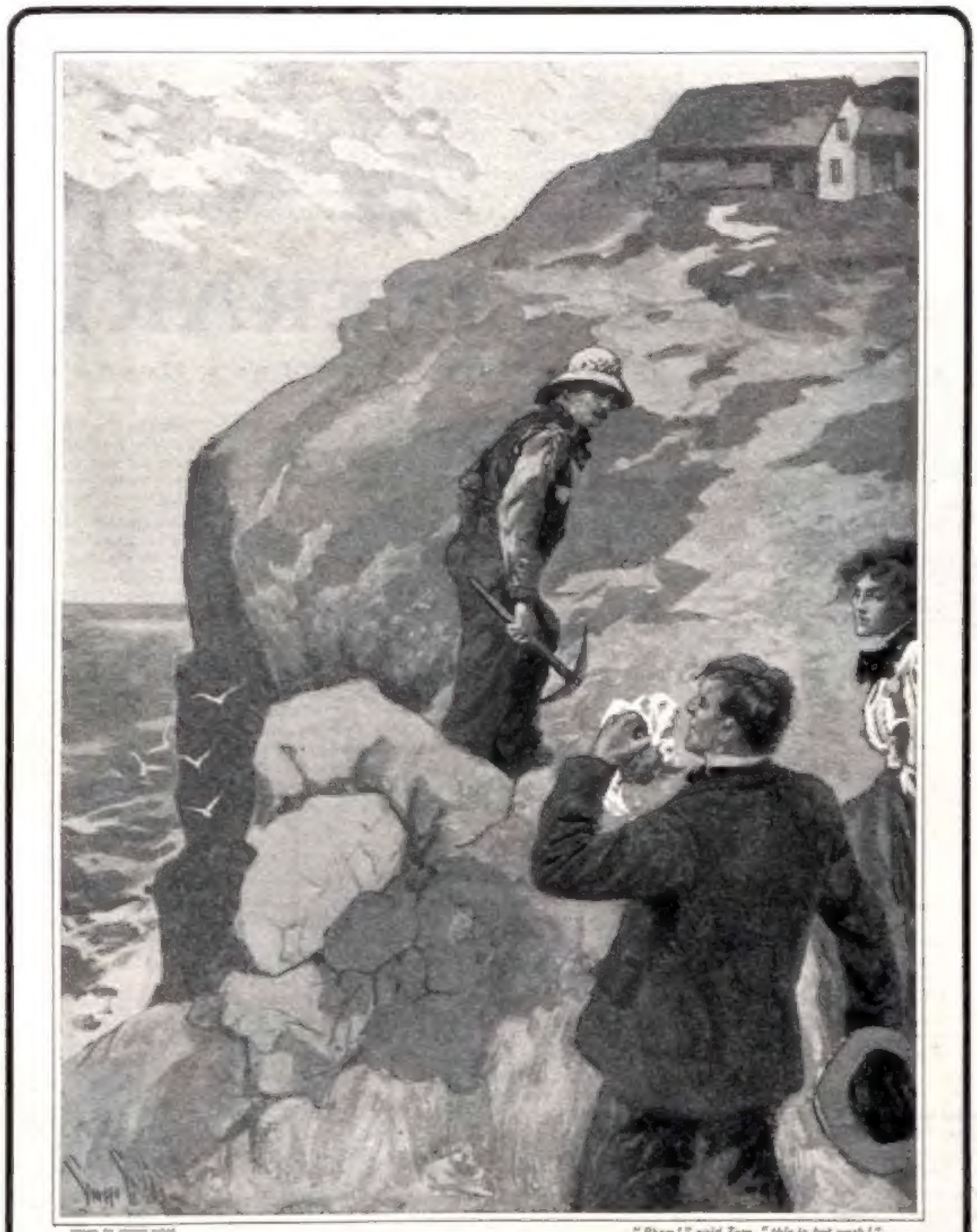
"But, madam, what's this got to do with copper?"

"I'll confess to you freely I'd no thought of copper when I started off up there, and even when I did get on that last ledge before you come to the top, still copper did not occur to me. I saw a small flimsy building and a wired inclosure."

"Ah! that's Eugstera's hen-run. The idiot, as I believe I've told you, breeds game fowl, and he's got a theory that their wind will be better for fighting if they are kept on high ground where the air is thinner. He's always arguing about it, but in practice his birds can neither spar nor last. Not that I've ever been to the cockpit, Sundays, but my men have told me about it on the week-days afterward."

"Well, you see, Mr. Stone, I had not heard Mr. Eugstera's explanation, which is no doubt very ingenious, and when I sat there on the ledge, with the mule panting and blowing beneath me, I was wondering to myself what possible object a man could have in keeping game chickens in such an inaccessible position. It was close to the edge of the cliff and quite unsheltered, and such a draft of wind came up from below that I had to bend down in my saddle to meet it. Now, I know a little about raising chickens. They're like babies. They don't flourish in drafts.

"The mule was very much out of breath, and so I had plenty of time to look about me, and I did it curiously.



"Phew!" said Tom, "this is hot work!"
"Do you all the good in the world," said Mary

Considering the small number of game fowl and chickens in the inclosure, the house belonging to it seemed large and solid. It must have taken enormous labor to bring all that stone up from half-way down the headland, and that was the nearest quarry I had seen. The house was quite new, too, and the door fitted like the door of a jail.

"There was another thing also I noticed. Between the door of the hen-house and the edge of the cliff a regular path was worn; and the edge of the cliff, which overhangs the sea just there, was dented, as if people had constantly been throwing large quantities of stuff over it. The path seemed deeper than people would make with merely throwing over the litter from the hens. Now, I didn't see inside the house, and, of course, there may be no hole in the floor leading down to Mr. Eugstera's copper find——"

"But I'll bet there is," said Tom. "Mary, you're a genius."

"Madam," said Stone, "you've got what's wanted in mining, and that's brains. I take a back seat."

Mary blushed and bowed, and untied a knot in her handkerchief. "I think this blue stuff's copper, isn't it?"

"Copper carbonate, sure enough."

"Of course they are only very tiny pieces; but, when I got the idea of the shaft being inside that hen-house, I looked very carefully on the ground outside and found these well trodden into the turf."

Stone jumped to his feet. "Look here, sir and madam, can you climb a goat-path up these cliffs to the top?"

"Give us a lead at your best pace, and I guarantee Mrs. Thompson will keep close at your heels. She's a very excellent climber. In fact, one of the reasons I married her was because I knew she would teach me to climb."

Mr. Stone took this quite seriously, saying that activity was a great blessing to anybody, and saved lots of medicine, and away they went up a goat-track among the frowning cliffs that frequently required hands as well as feet to secure a passage. The sun beat upon them from above; the roar of the sea from below filled the ear; sea-fowl screamed at them as they made their way up the crags.

"Phew!" said Tom, "this is hot work!"

"Do you all the good in the world," said Mary. "You're getting fat. Come on. Shall I give you a hand?"

In half an hour they arrived over the brink, pink-cheeked and panting, and there was the solid hen-house just before them. Under the glare of sunshine, Tom took the door-handle and rattled it. The door stood firm as the wall.

"Expected that," said the little Cornishman, "so I brought a pick. Here, mister, stand by and let me pick that lock."

The door crashed open and they peered in curiously. As Mary suspected, the fowls had to be contented with a very small portion of the dwelling, which was boarded off as their residence. The rest of the floor gaped into a hole which led down into blackness.

The expert made a quick diagnosis. "There's been a fissure here, turf-covered. Eugstera, the lucky dog, stumbled on it, cleared away enough to get his shoulders through, and either laddered it or roped it, and slipped down to prospect." He struck a match and squinted downward with shaded eyes. "My land! Yes; here are ladders and a sheaf of candles. We'll have a look."

He lit a dip, stuck it through the band of his hat, and nimbly climbed down out of sight. "Fissure all the way! —still fissure!—fissure!" came his reports, and the voice grew fainter with every call, and at last became inaudible. Far, far below them, Tom and Mary could see the tiny crumb of light hung in the solid blackness, but all sounds had gone save for those of their own breathing and the scratches of the game fowl beyond the partition. They waited, hand in hand.

Then the light grew again, and presently Stone was standing beside them once more and giving a pithy report. "Fissure all the way, though he's had to cut out stone in places to make a passage. The vein's there all right, and it's rich enough for a Crœsus. I believe this mine will turn out another Rio Tinto. The maddening thing is that in one of my experimental drives we must have come within a few feet of it. I know the height we are up now above sea-level; I measured the distance down to the lode roughly by counting the steps I took coming up; and I believe that from our own workings we can tap that copper within a few days, and certainly within a week. First and last it seems to me the credit of finding it all belongs to madam, and what I'm hoping now is that she'll use her influence with you, Mr. Thompson, to keep me on here as manager."

"Most certainly," said Mary. "It was only ignorance that helped me. If I'd known Estremella and Señor Eugstera as well as you do, Mr. Stone, I'm quite convinced I should never have stumbled upon the idea at all. It's far easier to see through a conjuring trick if you happen to be deaf and can't hear the patter of the conjurer. But do you know I'm a little sorry for Mr. Eugstera?"

"In the name of fortune, why, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Because he seems to have had all his trouble for nothing."

"But—well, supposing you kept a bank, and an enterprising burglar, after spending months over the job, nearly got in, but didn't quite, should you pity the burglar?"

"Well, if you put it like that——"

"I could put it a lot stronger," said Stone. "If you'd lived in Estremella, and had that man Eugstera and his old whitewash-post of a mother persecuting you all the time, I believe, madam, you could swear on the subject yourself."

"There's one thing I don't mind betting," said Tom with a chuckle, "and that is, that this mine gets known as the Cockpit Copper Mine from now on, and it will amuse me to see Hophni's face when he pockets his dividends from it."

"Why, do you think he will refuse them?" asked his wife.

"Oh, no! he'll not refuse the cash. But he'll sigh. When you know Hophni Asquith a little better, Mary, you'll be able to picture to yourself that sigh as well as I can."

Some bitter miles

THE LITERARY TRADE

Short-Story Writing as a Means of Livelihood

PERHAPS there is not a human being alive who has not at some time or other told a story. If told in childhood a spanking, or other deterrent punishment, is usually applied, and the story-teller learns to wait until, with age and experience, he (or she) can give such verisimilitude to the tale as will compel credence, or at least immunity from punishment. For, though the impulse to lie and exaggerate is inherent, the faculty of giving an artistic finish to the tale can only be acquired by long practice and observation of results. As instance, consider the readable stories of the veteran Howells, in which nothing happens of any account, in comparison with the powerful but crude work of the younger Kipling, which he had difficulty in selling. But, after all, it is the story which counts, not the telling of it, though the better it is told the surer its reception and acceptance. And, intuitively knowing this, a large majority of the natural-born fibbers, whose imaginative proclivities have survived the spankings and admonitions of childhood, have nourished secret yearnings for some day seeing their fictional work in print, signed and paid for.

It is to this class that the following gossip is directed, not to the magazine editors and their aids who will, possibly, recognize themselves in some of the episodes quoted. And these are respectfully notified at the start that the writer is not looking for a row; that of necessity he early formulated a law unto himself for his own preservation which reads, "Quarrel not with your customers," and that if ever upbraided for now speaking his mind and arming the unwary beginner against their flattering wiles, he, being a story-teller by trade, will strenuously deny the authorship of this anonymous screed, and, with full confidence in the discretion of the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will defy them to prove it.

Another class, editors of daily and Sunday newspapers—with whom the writer has had little to do, and that little to his sorrow—need not be considered at length. The imaginative writer should avoid a newspaper editor as he (or she) would a wet spot on the pavement or a chill draft from a window. He is a harsh, unhappy man, the centre of a cold wave; and the amenities of life are removed from him. He is a soulless satrap, a stifler of hope and enthusiasm, with one eye on the facts of the day and the other on his job. As a usual thing he buys his fiction from syndicates, and chops it into suitable lengths for space with little regard for style, plot or climax; but if you leave your little work of art in his hands he will lose it in his pig-pen of a sanctum, and "sic" the door-boy or the office cat at you when you complain, or he may print it unwittingly, mutilated and unsigned, and if he thinks to send you a check will pay less than for an account of a fire or a prize-fight.

Selling to Reformed Newspaper Men

But from this class springs a person with whom the beginner in the literary trade will come into contact very early in the game—the syndicate editor, who might properly be termed a reformed newspaper man. A literary syndicate is a wholesale house dealing in fiction, long and short; it has for customers as many Sunday and Saturday evening newspapers, one to each town around the country, as it can inspire with belief in the soundness of its literary judgment and the high merit of its wares. A syndicate buys stories of authors at a slightly higher price than an author could get from a single newspaper, puts them in type, strikes off impressions on thin paper, and sends them, properly bunched and circularized, to the various newspapers on the list. There is a weekly output, which the busy newspaper editor scans hurriedly, and buys from or not, according to the condition of his liver, at about newspaper rates; but as a large majority of the papers on a syndicate list accept what is offered, the money returned for a story so largely exceeds what is given to the author that syndicate editors and their subordinates invariably sit down to their midday luncheon instead of standing, as do the authors. Of course, when an author has achieved a reputation, so that his stories bring him more money, he also may eat seated and secure; but as his stories also bring in more money from the newspapers, the editor still fares the better in increase of salary, or other emoluments; and, to do him justice, he is appreciative—he often invites the author to the table, to partake of the fruits of his industry.

But, viewed from other than the author's standpoint, the high salary of the syndicate editor is really earned. His is an ungracious task; he must not only buy and supply to the papers on his list such fiction as will please the readers of the papers, but he must cater to the whims, caprices and criticisms of a large number of Sunday editors who think they know what their readers want, and who, being necessary middlemen, have power to obstruct; and unless he can coddle or cajole a majority of them into accepting his service of fiction, business becomes bad for the syndicate, and the editor backslides into journalism, whereupon another zealous and hopeful brand is snatched from the burning to take his place.

A syndicate is the best avenue by which a young author may approach the great reading public and make a reputation; though, if well-educated, and widely informed or experienced in life, and possessed of means of support distinct from the sale of stories, the beginner may reach higher, and sell at once to the magazines at a better initial price. But the syndicate, on the whole, is best. The standard of excellence in style is but little above that of the newspapers, and the author will have time, while improving in style and method, to acquire a facility of writing which is invaluable, and which will not come to the one who begins with the magazines; for the more rigid demands of magazines are often an oppressing bar to spontaneity, crispness and freshness, and the writer who cannot—after thinking out the story—dash it off, page after page, until finished, then copy and condense, again and again, improving and eliminating as the work progresses, will find the literary trade a hard one. To acquire this facility—this readiness of pen—about a year's service as a reporter before attempting fiction is not inadvisable; but the time should not be extended, as the work breeds carelessness hard to overcome. A combination of fast writing and careful thought will answer for the syndicate; and the audience reached by simultaneous publication in several cities is as large as that of any ordinary magazine. There are many of these jobbers in fiction scattered about the country; and the largest, in New York, claims for its contributors as much as a million circulation, which is greater than that of any magazine in the country. It is contended, though, that such a circulation, among people who get their fiction from newspapers, will do an author, whose ultimate purpose is to write

—a soulless satrap . . . with one eye on the facts of the day and the other on his job

books that will be bought, much less good than the smaller circulation of the better magazines, whose readers are a book-buying class. Yet this is not wholly so; an author's reputation is built up much like the reputation of any other equally good article—by large advertising; and the printing of a name under the title of a story on a million separate sheets of paper, which are scattered broadcast to the homes of this large country, is advertising that would cost heavily if paid for, and which, if repeated as often as a writer sells a short story, would make the reputation of a very inferior soap or hair vigor.

Practical Rules for the Short-Story Writer

Yet there must be merit in a story, or even a syndicate will not buy it. Though the editor may be influenced toward leniency as regards workmanship by the knowledge that his customers will chop it into the space left by their advertisements, still he must do his part. There are certain standards, or tests, applied to a short story. It must be of suitable length—from three to five thousand words; it must have a central thought or a central character always in evidence, and to which other threads and characters are subordinate. For instance, the inner workings of the principal character's mind may be given to the reader, but other characters must indicate their thoughts by what they say or do; there must be a climax or surprise at the end of the story—and the nearer to the final word it is expressed, the better; and this climax or surprise is best reached by so wording descriptions or dialogue near the beginning as to make the reader deceive himself—that is, by having something happen or said which can produce either of two distinct and opposite results of unequal probability, with preceding and surrounding conditions of such nature that the unthinking reader will choose the lesser probability as he reads on and be more or less startled when the truth comes to him at the end. Added to these requirements, the English, spelling, punctuation, and lack of padding must be such as to permit the editor or his aid to become interested in the tale, and to read on. If he reads to the end you very likely will hear from him.

But with these requirements fulfilled there is yet another—of such importance that it should have been named first. The story must be clean. American magazine literature is the cleanest in the world—though some think that on this account alone it is the most inane. Nevertheless, demand must always regulate supply, and magazines which depend for their existence on the approval of subscribers, must furnish the kind of fiction which these subscribers will admit into their homes—where are growing children with characters unformed. Even should an author succeed in selling to an editor a story of a suggestive nature—which by its compelling realism and artistic treatment may override the editor's fears of its reception—there will, in all probability, be such a storm aroused as will prevent that editor, as he values his job, from ever again printing that author's name. Thousands of subscriptions may be stopped, and though the author really loses less than the magazine, he suffers more of the punishment; for he cannot afford to give up a single outlet for his work.

The Element of Chance in the Trade

The success of Du Maurier's Trilby has no real bearing on this general law of selection. It was a powerful story of its kind, though accepted by the publishers with doubt and misgiving; and it came along on one of those mysterious psychological waves which occasionally sweep the world and boom into popularity anything—walking matches, spelling-bees, bicycling, roller-skating, or inferior novels—which happens to be on top at the right moment. Offered by Du Maurier at another time, Trilby might not have been accepted—for the publishers, doubtless, were influenced by the psychic sympathy—or if published, it would have fallen flat.

And so the rule holds good: Nothing must be printed in most of our American magazines which cannot be discussed in the presence of children. Whether or not children would be benefited by such reading and discussion in the resultant better equipment for life's battle does not enter into the question.

A question which must be considered by every apprentice to the literary trade is the value of personal experiences in fiction. After years spent in selling all sorts of work to all sorts of editors the writer has come to the conclusion that personal experiences, no matter how interesting to the story-teller, have little credence with editors and magazine readers. This is so for the very reason that "truth is stranger than fiction." Truth alone will not do, no matter how interesting. The story told must not only be probable, but pleasing, even though the pleasing part comes from the death of the villain. And in real life villains do not die when they should, climaxes arrive too soon, nothing is settled definitely, and the wrong man often marries the wrong girl. The writer might turn out a readable story from his life's experience, and he might not. The perspective might be too large for him, and he might exaggerate unimportant details to the damage of the story as a whole.

Face to face, word to word contact of author and editor is the best possible inspiration to the beginner, and those who, after obtaining a foothold, place their wares in the hands of a literary agent, in the expectation of doing more work by saving time, will lose in the end. Sympathy and approval are as necessary to an author as is applause to an actor.

The Story of a Hungry, Frozen Author

A case in point comes to mind in which a young writer was nearly put out of the fight from lack of such sympathy at a critical moment. He has won his place now, and tells the experience as an amusing reminiscence. He lived on Washington Heights, New York, possibly because rents were low in that district, truck gardens and chicken-coops plenty, and down the hill in North River good fish to be caught while hatching out plots of short stories. He wore old clothes because he had no others, and paid for his groceries in cash because he could get none without it. His reputation was bad in the neighborhood—he had none whatever as an author—and when he left his door to go downtown his route was a zigzag line, around corners, across the streets, back again, around more corners, until, a half a mile from his door, he could start on in a straight line with no fear of meeting those he owed. With a story in his pocket which had taken him three weeks to write, he started thus from his door on the stormy morning of February 12, 1897, leaving a white-faced wife and an empty larder behind him, and after the customary zigzags, struck out for downtown, walking because he had no money. It was a seven-mile walk, on icy pavements covered with half-frozen slush which soaked into his thin tan shoes and benumbed his legs to the knees. He had no overcoat, and the precious manuscript grew soggy in his breast-pocket. He made the trip in three hours, and, finding the elevator stopped in the big building at the top of which was the magazine office he was bound for, he climbed the six flights of stairs and found the door locked. It was Lincoln's Birthday, and a holiday, but he had not known it. Wet, chilled and desperate, he banged on the door. He had sold one story to this magazine, and he wanted to submit this one. There was no answer to his banging, but at last, just as he was about to go, he heard footsteps far within. He banged again, this time with his heels, and the footsteps approached. The door opened and the proprietor—not the editor—of the magazine faced him.

"Morning," he said briskly. "What do you want?" He had talked kindly to the young man on his last visit.

"Got a story, sir," he answered. "Wanted to give it to the editor. Didn't know you were closed up."

"Let's have it."

He handed over the story—damp and limp with the moisture of the storm. The proprietor, without looking at the title or saying another word, pocketed the manuscript and closed the door. The author descended the stairs, glad that he had placed it.

Seven Still More Bitter Miles to Follow

He went out into the cold. It was snowing hard now, and the horizontal blast permeated his wet clothing and chilled him to the bone. The fatigue in his legs had become a pain, and his throat was sore from the exposure. Five cents would have given him a ride to his corner in a heated cable-car, but he had not the five cents, and he began the homeward journey on foot. On the way he passed a studio building where lived an artist who had illustrated his last story, and who had entertained him once with strong waters from a bottle. He visited the artist, not to tell his predicament and borrow car-fare, but to be asked to join in a social glass. A half-hour's wait, with desultory conversation, resulted in the artist's remarking that he was sorry that he had nothing to drink, and that it was too stormy to go out and get it.

In due time—as soon as consistent with politeness—the disappointed author departed without the drink he had hoped for, and long after dark reached his home. Once, unable to read the street signs on the corner lamp-posts, he lost his way and plodded a mile in the wrong direction; then, getting his bearings in a momentary lull, he went on. During the last half of the journey he was compelled by the drifts on the sidewalks to take to the car tracks, which the oft-passing sweepers kept moderately clear of snow; but every passing car forced him off into the deep drifts—deeper from the accumulation of sweepings—and every passing sweeper threw an avalanche of filthy slush over him, while the jeers of the sweeper's crew maddened him to senseless profanity heard only by the storm. Arrived in his neighborhood he staggered into the presence of a butcher and grocer, and in words almost unintelligible "bluffed" him out of a parcel of eatables. He was a strong, healthy man, inured by a former strenuous life to exposure to the elements, but this experience in the streets of New York nearly cost him his life. A hot bath, a square meal, and careful nursing by his wife saved him from pneumonia.

His story was declined without comment, excuse or encouragement, and he did no more work for a month. Later, however, he had the satisfaction of knowing that this particular story was a bone of contention between two editors of two periodicals under one management, each of whom claimed the right to use it. But this did not offset the experience with that man at the top of those six flights of stairs.

"It wasn't the walk," he said in telling the tale, "or the cold and wet; but to see that well-fed gentleman pocket my manuscript without looking at it, as though it were a paper delivered by a newsboy, almost knocked me out."

Yet this "well-fed gentleman" is one of the kindest, most generous men in the magazine world. No doubt, had he known that one of his contributors was out in that storm without car-fare, he would have organized a search party and gone after him.

May be a coming man

The Advantage of Seeing the Editor

Editors and publishers, with very few exceptions, are kind-hearted, gentlemanly men—professionally so, for they do not know but that the modest and embarrassed novice in their presence may be a coming man. And in this regard a beginner may consider it a point won when he can secure a critical opinion from a busy editor who declines his story. How busy these men are and how slight is the chance of an unknown writer's getting acceptance may be inferred from the working rule of one of the greatest editors in the country, who stated to the writer that he declined everything that he could decline, and only printed what he felt his magazine could not get along without. As over a hundred manuscripts a day are sent to this editor, all of which must be examined in the search for literary genius, it can be seen that his time is valuable.

But he knew, as do all editors, that the first work of many a writer is his best. He brings a freshness and enthusiasm to it that he cannot arouse when he has really placed himself as a magazine writer, and has relieved his brain of the numerous plots, situations and climaxes which have accumulated during his experience with life before beginning. This period generally comes along about the second or third year—when he thinks his work is known to the public, and his last stories better than the first. Neither belief is true; he has not had time to impress the public and make it yearn for his stories, and he has not had time so to methodize himself as to bring skill and workmanship in to replace the lost freshness and enthusiasm. It is a harrowing period for the literary aspirant, and on his surviving it will depend his later surety of position; for he will naturally want more money for his stories, and editors will not pay. Thus an antagonism is set up which often prevents his stories from being considered at all. When a year has gone by without his name appearing in print he will probably have reconstructed himself or quit the business.

Syndicate editors invariably sit down to their luncheons

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on certain phases of the literary trade as seen by a writer who depends on it for a livelihood. These papers are a record of his personal experiences and views.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

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The Army Settles the Question

TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER

CURTIS was awakened about four o'clock by a voice at his window. It was Wilson, asking: "Are you awake, Major?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Two of the policemen have just come in from the hills. They are sure the settlers are coming to make war. The whole country is excited. Bands of white men are riding to join the camp. It certainly looks owly, Major."

Curtis rose and went to the window. "They will not move till sunrise and the troops will be here by seven o'clock at the furthest. The mob can't reach here even by hard riding before eleven."

"Shall I send a courier out to hurry the troops on?"

"It might be well. Send some one who can speak English. Send Two Horns—I'll write a line."

As he was returning to his library Elsie met him. "Good-morning, Captain. Did you sleep?"

"A very little." He spoke as lightly as he could. "My messengers' reporting disturbed me a little during the early morning."

"Do we breakfast with the Sheriff?"

"That affliction is bearing down upon us," replied Captain Curtis, nodding his head toward Winters, who was slowly crossing the road.

"I think I shall be a little late to breakfast this morning," she said with a grimace, and fled.

Curtis greeted his guest pleasantly. "Good-morning, Sheriff."

"Good-morning, Major. Have you seen anything of my deputy?"

"No; has he left you?"

"I didn't miss him till this morning," replied Winters sourly. "But he's gone, horse and all."

"Well, the loss is not serious. Come in and break an egg with me."

Jennie was distinctly less cordial than before, but she made her unwelcome guest comfortable and sugared his coffee and asked after his health politely. She was just pouring his second cup when the furious clanging of the office bell made them all start.

Curtis looked at his watch. "Good Heavens! It can't be eight o'clock. What time have you?"

"Seven-thirty-three."

Curtis sprang up. "It's a signal of fire!"

At the word "fire" Jennie turned white, and rose. Elsie came flying downstairs crying:

"The Indians are running!"

A wild shout arose: "Stop that bell!" And a moment later Wilson burst in at the door. "Major, the Indians are signaling from the buttes—everybody is taking to the hills—the mob is coming!"

Curtis gave Elsie one piercing look. "I hope you will trust me—you are in no danger, even if this alarm is true. I will return soon and let you know."

It was true! On the buttes wild horsemen were rushing to and fro, excitedly crossing and recrossing the same ground—the sign of an approaching enemy. On every hillside mounted warriors were gathering and circling. With wild halloos boys were bringing in the ponies. The women, busy, swarming like bees, were dropping the teepees—even as the Agent mounted the steps to the office and looked up the valley the white canvases disappeared one by one as though melted by the hot sun. War times were come again, and the wild chanting cries of the old women came pulsing in on the soft west wind.

A grim smile settled on Curtis' lips as he comprehended these preparations. He knew these people and admired them for their skill and their bravery.

"Our cowboy friends have set themselves a bloody task in trying to subdue these people. They never have; they always call upon the troops of the Federal Government, and that is their purpose now. They stir up strife—the Regular Army bears the burden."

"I don't see our fellers," said the Sheriff. "I'll ride to meet them."

"They are a long way off yet," said Curtis. "The Tetong sentinels have only signaled their start." Then he called to Winters, who had started for his horse: "I depend on you to keep off this invasion, Sheriff."

"I'll do what I can," he replied, but Curtis knew, from the tone of his voice, that he would join in with the majority, for he was a candidate for reëlection and could not afford to run counter to the wishes of his constituents.

Curtis strained his eyes down the valley, hoping for a sight of the guidons of the —th.

"What can you do?" asked Elsie, who had followed and stood close by his side.

"Nothing but await the issue," he replied. "I have sent another courier to hasten the troops. It is now a race between the forces of law and those of disorder. If the mob arrives first I must delay them—prevent their advance if possible. There is nothing else to be done."

"Can we help?"

"I'm afraid not. There will be two or three hundred this time if the Sheriff is to be believed, and I am afraid to have you meet them. I think it better for you to keep within doors."

"I wish my father knew—he could stop this!" wailed Elsie in sudden realization of her helplessness. "He could wire the authorities in Piñon City——"

"Here come the Parkers!" cried Jennie. "Now look out for squalls."

"Oh, what a nuisance," said Curtis, with a comic look of dismay. "Can't you keep them quiet?"

Parker was running, half-dragging his poor breathless wife, and in the rear, walking calmly, irreproachable in a gray morning suit, Lawson appeared, and the sight of him was a comfort to Curtis. His forces were practically reduced to Lawson, Wilson and four or five clerks.

"Major——" began the panic-stricken sculptor. Being in no mood for squalls Curtis cut Parker short. "Be quiet! Don't be uselessly foolish. You are in no danger—try to conduct yourself like a reasonable human being. Go into the house, Jennie, and take the ladies with you. You'll have all the women of the Agency to look after in a few minutes. Lawson, I can depend on you—will you go over to the office with me?"

In the space of an hour the panic had become preparation. On a low butte to the southwest a dark mass of armed and resolute warriors waited on their swift ponies ready for whatever came, while behind them on a higher ridge a smaller group of dismounted chieftains sat in council. Up the slopes below and to the right the women and old men were leading the ponies laden with their teepees, their children and supplies, precisely as in the olden time. The wagons of the white men were of no use where they were now climbing. The ways of the wheel were no longer desirable.

"We must detain the invaders here under any pretext till the troops arrive," said Curtis.

"If the powers of evil have found a leader it will be hard to control them even with a troop of cavalry," Lawson replied soberly. "The Sheriff will go with the mob when it comes to a show-down."

Before the office stood the Missionary Sandefer and two or three of the white employees of the Agency with their wives and children about them. Two policemen alone remained of all the throng of red employees and loafers usually to be seen about the yards.

"What shall we do?" cried one of the teachers, a look of mortal terror on her face.

"Is there any danger?" asked another. The calm and handsome face of their Agent comforted them, even before he spoke.

"Not the slightest to you. The danger threatens those poor devils on the hillside. Where are your children?" he asked of the teachers.

"They all disappeared like rabbits at sound of the bell. Only the kindergarten class remains."

"Go and help Miss Raymond take care of them," he commanded. "Wolf Robe," he called to one of the policemen—him of the bow-legs—"go to the people on the hill and say to them to fear nothing. Washington will protect them. Say to the mothers of the little ones that nothing shall hurt them. Go quick!"

Wolf Robe handed his sombrero, his coat and his revolver to his friend Beaver-Kill and ran away toward the corral, agile as a boy.

"What did he do that for?" asked Jennie.

Curtis smiled. "He is Tetong now—he doesn't want to be mistaken for a cowboy."

When he reappeared on his pony, his long dark hair streaming, a red handkerchief bound about his head, he looked like a warrior stripped for battle. "There isn't a faithfuller man in the world," said Curtis, and a lump rose in his throat. "He has been riding half the night for me—but he charges that hill as if he were playing a game."

"I don't understand how you can trust them to do such things," said Elsie. "Perhaps he will not come back. How do you know he will do as you commanded?"

"Because that ugly little bow-legged Tetong is a man!" replied Curtis. "He would die in performance of his duty."

"He doesn't clean his finger-nails either," remarked Lawson dryly.

The sentinels on the hills were quiet now—facing the northeast, motionless as weather-vanes. The camps had disappeared as if by magic; nothing remained but a few wagons. Wolf Robe, diminishing to the value of a coyote, was riding straight toward the retreating women. Even as Curtis watched, the chieftains on the higher hill rose and one of them started downward toward the warriors on the rounded hilltop. Then a small squad detached itself from the main command and slid down to meet the women. As they rode slowly on, the moving figures of those leading the camp-horses gathered round them. It was plain some command was being shouted by the descending squad.

Detaching themselves from the camp these scouts swept on down the hill directly upon the solitary and minute figure of Wolf Robe, whose pony climbed slowly and in zigzag course.

"They will kill him!" said Sandefer.

"No, they will not," replied Curtis. "They will listen."

Wolf Robe halted and waited till the skirmishers rode up to him. They massed round him closely while he delivered his message.

"When he returns we shall know all that they know of the invaders," said Curtis. "They will tell him what they have seen."

"It is strange," exclaimed Elsie in a low voice, standing close beside him. "I can't believe all this. It is like a story—a dream—that I should be here watching Indians preparing for war, and waiting for United States troops. It is all incredible."

"I wish it were not true," he replied. "But it is. I have no fear of the Indians—only of the rash act of a drunken white man."

"Which way will the cattlemen come from?" asked the Missionary, who seemed not to be alarmed.

"Probably down that trail." He pointed to the northeast. "Part of them may come up the valley road—Wolf Robe has started on his return."

The little squad of warriors returned to the group of chieftains, while the loyal Wolf Robe came racing down the slope, his hair streaming, his elbows flapping. In a few minutes he dropped rein at the gate and reëntered the yard. Standing before Curtis he delivered his message.

"Their hearts are very glad at your good words, but the women are crying for their babies. They ask that you send them before the bad white men come. Send them qut toward the hills and they will come down and get them—this they said."

"What did the scouts say?"

"They said that the sentinels on the hills saw the white men break camp and come this way—many of them."

"Where are they now?"

"They are hidden in the pines of the valley. They will soon be here—so they say."

"Take a fresh pony and ride back and tell all those who have children to return to the valley and I will bring the little ones. I will turn the white men away. No one shall be harmed. The children are safe and will be cared for."

As Wolf Robe went away again Curtis explained his message.

"Poor things!" said Jennie. "Think how they must feel to leave their babies here at such a time as this. Let them go, George."

"It will amount to hardly more than a holiday—of course only part of them belong to these bands. I keep repeating there is no danger because I believe it," he said to the silent group around him.

"There is nothing to be done but wait; so go about your duties," he added with a note of command.

One by one the employees dropped away till only Wilson remained. His only sign of nervousness was a quiver of the muscles of his left cheek, wherein he held his quid of tobacco. His bright blue eyes were fixed on the sentinels, while he leaned negligently against the fence. Lawson, smoking a German pipe, was also watching the warriors on the hills, a rapt expression on his face as if he were working out some problem in ethics, which demanded complete concentration and absorption of thought. The two girls had drawn close together as if for comfort, their nerves a-quiver with the strain.

"Are you waiting for something to go off?" asked Curtis, suddenly breaking the silence.

Each one started a little and all laughed together.

"I think I was," confessed Elsie.

"You seemed to be holding your breath. I wish you'd both go in and rest," he pleaded. "It is no use——"

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14, 1901.

They're coming!" interrupted Wilson

Where? Where?

The sentinels are signaling

All turned to the east but not sentinels and the turmoil among the warriors plainly announced the menace of an approa Another little band detached itself from the hu camp and came down the hill, slowly and in sile

The squaws are coming for their children — Wolf Robe reaches them," said Lawson

And here's the mob!" said Curtis and at the word a keen thrill of fear ran through the hearts of the women. With set pale faces they looked away where he point

"That's right," said Wilson, "and two hundr

They were pouring over a high pine clad rid nules to the east and streaming down into a narrow valley behind a sharp intervening butte

Now girls, you *must* go in!" commanded Curtis sharply You can do no good——

George, let me stay—you'll do something rash. I'm going to stay! We saved you yesterday and we may help to day

What is the use of shutting us in the house? I'm not afraid added Elsie.

I beg you will not interfere He spoke to Jennie, but Elsie knew he included her as well "It doesn't look dignified to have an Agent flanked with women while hol

Jennie mocks mighty effective sometimes marked Lawson

That's right!" cl

By the Lord they sassy he added referring to the cowboys

They were indeed a wild cavalcade as they came streaming down the rough road two and two like a monstrous, swift serpent, parti colored, sinuous, silent, save for the clatter of their horses' hoofs Curtis nerved himself for the shock, feeling weakened and embarrassed by the presence of Elsie and Jennie. Had it been a question of protecting them the case would have been different, but to argue a point of law with them at his elbow exposed him to ridicule and to interruption

As the horsemen debouched upon the valley road a prodigious cloud of dust arose and sailed away on the wind, completely hiding the rear ranks, so that they could not be numbered, and this added to their sinister appearance. As they drew near the Sheriff could be seen riding side by side with a big man in a blue shirt They came on at a shacking trot which was more menacing than a gallop would have been- it was so steady, so inexorable, so self contained

As they neared the house Curtis stepped out a little way from the fence and faced them quietly The Sheriff reined up his horse allowing the big man to pass a few feet to the front Pushing his limp hat away from his eyes the leader turned and shouted

"Halt!" As the men pulled in their horses he added: "Keep back there

It was plain that the big man had superseded the Sheriff. The mob had found a leader and was indeed

Good morning!" said Curtis as the army of invasion came to a stand filling the lane between the office and the Agency hou

leader surlily. "You probably know what we've come for—and I want to say that no monkey business goes with old Bill Yarpe Women can't fool me."

Go to ——!" replied Calvin quietly as he rode past him "I'm no nigger. I want to hear what goes on, and I tell ye right now you treat these women right."

replied the old ruffian.

"That's right, General, he's too fresh," called some one

Calvin spurred his horse alongside Yarpe's and looked him in the eye with a grim

You hear me! If you say a rank word to these women I'll cut the heart out o' ye

But ten seconds the two men eyed each other and then the old man blustered "Git along out o' this, you young—

Curtis and the Sheriff interposed Hold on! warned W

Curtis called: "Careful Streeter don't provoke trouble w protect the w

Sheriff rod the two men. "Cal, git away—you're my

As Cal ned his horse away Curtis said in a low voice I appreciate your chivalry, Calvin—but be careful

As he looked into the big, red, whisky bloated Yarpe Curtis was both angered and dismayed. To reason with such a man was futile. It was plain that the old ruffian was not only inflamed with liquor; he was intoxicated w dangerous elixir—the pride of command. As he back over his followers he visibly expanded an glare lit up his eyes. "Never you mind Jeff; I'll of that young bantam

Curtis again stepped toward the Sheriff

What can I do for you?

Yarpe replied boisterously: "We want Grayman and old Elk, and we're goin' to have 'em, too. Ain't that so, boys?

A chorus of applause followed

On what authority do you make this demand?" asked Curtis, facing Yarpe

"On the authority of the Sheriff of Piñon County," replied Yarpe, "and we come along to see he does his duty

The Sheriff is present and can speak for himself. He was my guest last night and made an agreement with me which as an honorable man he is disposed to keep. How about that Mr Sheriff?"

The Sheriff avoided Curtis' eye, but Yarpe replied

"He showed the white feather—he let you fool him—but you can't fool Bill Yarpe. Bring on your man or we'll go get him. We want old Elk." A rumble of applauding phrases ran down the line

Have you a warrant?

Oh, hang the warrant

The Sheriff cleared his throat. "Yes, I have a warrant for Crawling Elk and Grayman," he said, and began searching his pockets

Curtis ran his eyes over the crowd of men—hardly a reputable rancher had dared to join the party It was made up largely of reckless young men—cowboys from all over the together with the whisky-men ers and gamblers of was The Sheriff's deputies were well to the front, but were quiet They seemed to be abashed by the the women to whom they were indebted for their liberty yesterday. Every man in the gang was burdened with ammunition and carried both rifle and revolver

The Sheriff dismounted and handed the paper to Curtis who took plenty of time to read it It was manifestly bogus, manufactured for use as a bluff, and had not properly been sworn out, but to dispute it would simply anger the desperadoes—there was a chance for delay

Very well," he said at last. "This warrant calls for two of the head men among the Tetongs. Of course I understand your motives—you do not intend to charge these chiefs with the crime—you wish to force the tribe to surrender some one else to your vengeance. In face of such a force as this of yours, Mr Sheriff I can only yield, though I deny your right to lay hand on one of my charges. I do all this under pressure. If your men will retire a little I will call a messenger and communicate with the chiefs named."

Yarpe glared 'Communicate hell! Sheriff say the word and we'll go and get 'em

Curtis fixed a calm gaze upon him. "You are a brave man—you'll need all your resolution when you charge up that hill on those desperate warriors." As he swept his arm out toward the west all eyes were turned on the swarming mass of mounted Tetongs. The women had moved higher, and were halted just on the eastern brow of the high ridge behind and to the right of the fighting men "Now, what will you do?" pursued Curtis—"act through me or make your demand in person?"

A dispute arose among the crowd. The Sheriff and Yarpe were revealed in animated argument

If you give in, your chances for reelection ain't worth a leatherette," Yarpe said

"You crazy fool! You wouldn't charge that hill?

"That's what I would and that's what the boys come for

"But what good would it do?"

It would learn these red devils a lesson they wouldn't forget and it would make you an' me the most popular men in the country If you don't do it you're dead as the hinges of hell"

At this moment, while looking over the Sheriff's head toward the piñon-spotted hill to the west, Curtis caught the gleam of something white bobbing down the slope. It disappeared—but came into sight lower down—and beneath it a splash of blue. Then he recognized it. It was the white helmet and the blue uniform of a cavalry officer. A sudden contraction seized on Curtis' throat—his heart warmed, swelled big in his bosom. Oh, the good blue uniform! Now he could see the gauntleted gloves, the stripes, the easy seat of blessed old Jack Maynard ambling peacefully across the flat

Look there!" he cried to the Sheriff, pointing his finger like a pistol. His voice rang out joyous as a morning bugle

The Sheriff looked. "The cavalry; we're too late!" he said.

A deep silence fell on the mob Every man seemed suddenly frozen into immobility, and the Sheriff sat with head turned and eyes wide open, watching the coming of the blue-coated horsemen. As the officer approached he was distinguishable as a powerful, smooth faced young man in a Captain's uniform. As his eye ran over the mob his plump red face broke into a broad smile—it was plain that he was Irish and scented war

Riding straight up to Curtis he said, giving him a formal salute

"Colonel Daggett presents his compliments to Captain Curtis and tenders Squadron B at your service. Captain Maynard in command."

(Continued on Page 14

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶If Uncle Sam keeps on buying job lots of islands and things he will soon be land poor.

¶It was rather hard on Uncle Sam to mystify the old gentleman by too many canal routes just as he was getting ready to dig.

¶The American farmer will breathe more freely. Quite a number of gold bricks have been sent to England and have found an appreciative market there.

¶The new manager of Tammany Hall declares that in politics there is too much patronage peddling and too little patriotism. Surely times are changing. Perhaps we shall soon find Tammany declaring in favor of civil-service reform.

¶It is one of the really dramatic facts of the time, showing the changes of the world, that China is calling on Japan to help her to reform and reorganize her new army. But she is only following the homely advice of the American philosopher, who said: "When a feller whips ye find out how he did it."

¶If Massachusetts should need another eulogy, one different from that pronounced by Daniel Webster, but almost as eloquent, might be found in the fact that there are 1,593,640 depositors in her savings-banks. There is not in the world an equal area that can show such proof of general prosperity.

¶Sometimes we are compelled to think that we have been living amid illusions and delusions. Nothing seemed so fixed in our ideas of political economy as the principle that competition makes trade and lowers rates and prices. Now here come President Hill and other industrial leaders testifying before the Government Commission that competition really advances rates and prices—and figures are given to support the contention. Possibly the beliefs as well as the physical circumstances of man are undergoing a great change.

A Look Ahead in Our Politics

NOT since the Civil War have all branches of the National Government been so fully under the control of one political party as they are now under that of the Republicans. Everything is in their hands. Congress, the most changeable body, is thus classified in the latest edition of the Congressional Directory: Senate—Republicans 54, Democrats 30, all others 6; House of Representatives—Republicans 200, Democrats 152, all others 5. In each branch the few classified as "Others" act with the Democrats, but they are not enough to affect the Republican majorities. All the committees are heavily Republican and the minorities of both bodies are practically helpless

There will be changes in the Senate, but in all human probability, taking into account deaths and various possibilities, the Senate will remain Republican for at least five years to come. In the House it may be different. There will be a Congressional election next November, and if the Democrats should present good issues, or if there should be an interruption to the present prosperity, or if the voters should be seized with one of the whims which are as familiar as they are unaccountable in politics, there may be a Democratic landslide. Such a thing happened a decade ago and it seems to come every ten or twelve years. Even in that case, however, the immediate rule of the Republicans would not be affected. In the early days, when traveling was a matter of weeks and sometimes of months, the date of the assembling of a new Congress was placed far distant from the day of election. We have clung to that arrangement, so that the Congress elected the coming fall will not begin work until the first Monday in December, 1903, although its official life will date from March 4, 1903.

We have, therefore, several years of assured Republican administration. This, however, does not prevent the raising of new questions upon which political battles may be fought. The present Congress has proceeded far enough to discern a few of the battle lines. One will be on the growth of trusts and other vast combinations of wealth. Another will be on the tendency to acquire more territory—a tendency somewhat ambiguously called imperialism. Still another will be on the tariff, and that in all likelihood will develop into the most important of all, because the Republicans have virtually declared that there shall be no change in the Dingley law. The growth of the Government and the necessary increase in its expenditures will supply some very imposing statistics for campaign use, and there will be plenty of eloquence one way and another on freedom for the Filipinos.

Perhaps the greatest gratification in our national politics is the fact that cleaner methods are used. The virulent personal abuse which was so disgraceful only a few years ago has gone, never to return. The man who would attempt to revive it would lose the respect of his own adherents. Thus we are getting away from personalities and nearer to the ideal discussion of politics and principles. Altogether we can look forward to our political contests with an assurance of interest without the stain of slander.

Sometimes the population of the United States seems to be eighty millions, all sovereigns and no servants.

The American Aristocracy

IT IS always interesting to follow the efforts of the ambitious persons who try to set new bounds and limitations to the social superiority of Americans. The game has the element of constant change and uncertainty, and there is a constant question as to who shall be put out of the charmed circle and who shall be put in. At the present time we find such a diversity of opinion among the self-constituted experts that a social court of arbitration might be suggested so that we may know who's who when it comes to exclusive functions and special dinners.

A reverend gentleman of New York, claiming descent from a Scottish king, has devoted much attention to the important matter, and has gravely declared that the President of the United States is a gentleman in the society meaning of the word. This assurance relieves us inexpressibly, for in his opinion the masses of American voters are not gentlemen and are not inclined to elect real gentlemen to office. The New York arbiter has supplied us with a list of Americans who are entitled to enter society by the front door, and an examination of it is wonderfully enlightening. We find that with few exceptions all the ladies and gentlemen live in New York City or at Newport, where they can escape the New York tax rate. Some of the largest States have only two or three names credited to their entire population, and other States, according to the list, have no society people at all. On further examination we find that all the members in this selection are wealthy, and that some of them are not more than one generation from day labor to the possession of millions. In reality, therefore, this is an aristocracy of bank accounts.

At the same time another arbiter is at work in Virginia and his list differs entirely from the golden circle of New York. He makes his selections entirely from ancestry. He traces each candidate through the graveyards as far back as the epitaphs and family Bibles will carry him, and he gives us a most interesting lot of names. Some of them are known in the industry and politics of the present, but it is disappointing to find that they do not include the great leaders of our age or the big men who have done the largest things in modern civilization. Many of them are just getting along, and others weep over family tombstones and wonder why they do not have more of the plenty of this superabundant century.

It is useless to try to reconcile the two judges. Each is an impossible person fretting vainly at an impossible task There are in the United States over four thousand millionaires, and as a family averages five persons we have a total of twenty thousand which the best of experts cannot well squeeze into a circle of Four Hundred There are millions of descendants from the good old stock of the eighteenth century and the most reverent worshiper of ancestry cannot compress the total into a practical social list. Therefore, with wealth increasing and ancestors multiplying, there is no hope for the poor zealots who fancy they can set up the metes and bounds of social excellence. The only hope for an aristocracy is to base it on achievement, to bound it by culture and judge it by gentleness. When Franklin went to the courts of Europe there were doubts, but he was honored as a gentleman among kings and princes. When, not very long ago, a bride went to the White House shortly after leaving school, there were fears, but she reigned more graciously and more successfully than any queen of her time. When a young steel president went to the most exclusive court of Europe a few weeks since, royalty extended its most cordial hospitalities and found in the workman who had won his way to the top a real American gentleman.

Thus it will go on. In a nation like this there is incessant competition in everything and merit wins because it deserves to win. Mere society has little to offer except its pretensions, and it is one of the less important things of life, but the best there is of it belongs and will always belong to those who succeed best in their careers, whether in wealth, science, scholarship or any of the employments that call for intelligence. And the final test of all, whether in riches or fame, will be character, the really golden key that opens the door to all enchantments

The amateur farmer would achieve better results if he did not exhaust all his enthusiasm in buying seeds.

British Bunting on Yankee Pine

THE British banner floats over Windsor Castle from a flagstaff cut in an American forest. This fact has recently been mentioned, and it is typical of the tremendous truth that the glory of England is beginning to depend upon America for support. An American staff upholds the British flag; America itself is the staff upon which Great Britain begins to lean for support.

Far-seeing minds in England have long perceived this drift, and when a prominent Englishman recently made public his speculations as to whether, should Great Britain and the United States become one country, the government of the united Powers should be a monarchy or a republic, he but put into words a thought that has vaguely come to many; a thought which is but the carrying to an extreme the practical wish of the great majority of English people for a close and friendly alliance with us.

The glory of England depends upon America. She needs our moral support and the support of our material resources. It was her sense of dependence upon us that made her so ready to withdraw from an extreme position in regard to the Nicaraguan Canal. Her sense of this dependence might even make her offer favorable terms to the Boers should a united America demand such a course on her part toward a little republic struggling for existence

With our immense wealth, our immense harvests, our immense output of manufactures, we are rapidly winning our way in the markets and the moneyed centres of the world. With our still more immense resources our influence is sure to grow.

The position of England has always been a curious one She has won glory and power, but has owed more to allies than has any other prominent nation in history. She won gloriously at Blenheim—but it was because the army of Prince Eugene fought side by side with that of Marlborough She won gloriously at Waterloo—but all Europe was with her against Napoleon, and without the aid of Blucher Wellington's skill would have been vain. She humbled Russia's pride in the Crimea—but France, Turkey and Sardinia fought by her side. She won supremacy over all India—but it was through her astute and consistently continued policy of taking the part of one native race against another.

As England now surveys the Continent she sees disquieting conditions, threatening combinations. And England fears an alliance still more ominous to her than any which has yet been formed. She fears that Germany's strong overtures of friendship toward us will be received in a friendly spirit, and she knows that should it ever happen that Germany's army and navy should unite with the American army and navy, no Power, no possible combination of Powers, could stand against such a coalition

For this reason, for many reasons, for reasons based upon the extent of our peaceful resources and upon our present and growing warlike strength, England wants the support of the United States. And the British banner floats over Windsor Castle from an American flagstaff.

Health is the best capital, but it has to work in order to earn dividends.

TO YOUNG MEN BEGINNING BUSINESS

By Harlow N. Higinbotham

A E RICE

Helps in Wholesale Merchandising

IN THE United States Navy no officer is eligible to promotion until he is able immediately and without further preparation to discharge the full duties of the position just ahead of him in the line. More than in the Navy, perhaps, this principle of advancement holds good in mercantile life, and particularly in its wholesale branch. So important is it that I should place it first among the things to be observed by the young man beginning his business life in the employ of a wholesale house. Always he should be reaching out for the definite and practical knowledge that will enable him to do the work of the man immediately above him

To do this does not imply that he need make that man feel that some one is trying to push him off the pay-roll or crowd him out of the house. Neither does it carry the implication that the ambitious young employee is justified in neglecting the slightest detail of labor belonging to his own position in order to familiarize himself with those of the man into whose shoes he hopes to step. Either of these inferences is absurd and unwarranted—a fact which will not hinder certain persistently impractical persons from at once drawing such a conclusion. The man who has enough native tact to become a successful merchant will not advertise his ambitions for promotion to the discomfort of the man whose place he hopes to secure; but he will quietly and persistently absorb the information which will enable him to discharge that person's duties provided the latter were himself suddenly promoted On the other hand, the man who should hope to win promotion by neglecting a present responsibility for the purpose of studying a future one would display an unpardonable lack of ordinary common sense.

But in any event, let it be clear that in the struggle for advancement in the employ of a modern wholesale house the boy or young man who is content to do only the task assigned him without any interest in that process of the work next beyond him need not hope for promotion. If it comes to him it is because the person who must determine the promotion has not been sufficiently alert to detect the lack of a normal curiosity, to say nothing of a proper self interest

As in the Navy, so in the big wholesale establishment, there is little or no time for learning the duties of a position after having been promoted to it. Especially is this true of the higher places of an executive character. Responsibility does not wait upon personal convenience or the slow process of leisurely apprenticeship taken while in the enjoyment of the honors and emoluments of a journeyman. Under the high pressure of modern business life, full exercise of authority and a complete shouldering of responsibility must begin at the moment a man nominally assumes a position—and generally they begin before he takes the place as his own It is for this reason that I place so much emphasis upon the necessity of learning how to do the thing not required to-day, but which may, by virtue of some sudden emergency, be demanded to-morrow, when there will be not a moment for "getting posted"

Tale of a Man Who was Always Learning

I doubt if to-day there is a man at the head of a department in the large wholesale enterprise with which I was associated for many years who has not won his place through the consistent exercise of this outreaching for a knowledge of the thing immediately in front of him. Generally, however, a man is most impressed by the achievement of the person succeeding in a field of effort other than that in which he is struggling, and I shall therefore illustrate my point by reference to the career of a man who has made his name widely known in the grain trade

He started in by tending the telephone at a grain elevator and "keeping the weights"—that is, copying the scale tickets into a book—when not busy at the 'phone. He made it a business always to be "caught up" with his work, so it often happened, when he went to the scale floor for the tickets, that they were not ready for him. This gave the young man leisure to become familiar with the weighman's work and with the scales and machinery of the elevator. Occasionally he induced the weighman to let him tend one scale, and later two scales, until he became thoroughly familiar with the work. About this time his employer built a new elevator and the young man applied for the position of timekeeper Undismayed by the reply that the timekeeper would be expected, in addition to his regular work, to tally and record every load of lumber, stone, brick, sand, iron and other material going into the construction of the elevator, he eventually secured the position. The elevator was built by day labor instead of by contract. The first day twenty men started work, the second day there were forty, the third day sixty, and so on until the full quota of nearly two hundred men was engaged. Despite the fact that these laborers were of almost a dozen different nationalities, the young timekeeper so familiarized himself with their names and faces that he was able to call by name each man who had worked for even a single day. He could also tell, quite as readily, in what part of the building each man worked, and he missed at once any laborer who stole away for an hour or two at a neighboring saloon. When the elevator was completed a weighman was needed and the young man applied for the position. After convincing his employer that he understood the work and that he had watched the construction of every grain spout, and therefore knew into what bin each one led and that he would not have to learn that anew, he was given the position.

He soon became so expert that the weighing did not require his entire time, and during moments otherwise unoccupied he turned his attention to the working of the cleaning machines on the same floor, and was finally allowed to tend these machines in addition to the work of weighing. He became an expert in the art of telling at a glance the exact grade of a given sample of wheat, and during this schooling he managed to learn from the foreman just how grain is mixed to produce a given grade. His perseverance in learning everything that could be learned about the business soon gave him the name of being the best grain expert in the elevator. He held this enviable position in the eyes of his fellow-workers for a number of years. One day one of the young man's employers came to him and said: "I am going to buy you a membership on the Board of Trade. You can buy car lots down there I have been watching you, and I hear from people around here that you are as good a judge of grain as there is. You are just the fellow we want."

Then began his career as a commission merchant. But the keynote of his advancement from one position to another was that of learning how to do the work of the position next in the line of promotion. It works in the general mercantile business as well as in the grain trade.

How to Prepare for Advancement

I have been asked to designate certain books and articles which may afford practical assistance to young men seeking to get on in the field of wholesale merchandising. This I shall do in concluding this article; but I shall fail of my full duty if I do not make it very clear to every reader that no amount of "outside reading" can take the place of, or compare in importance with, the lessons to be learned by actual observation in the rush working hours. When the lessons which fall under the eye of the alert observer are amplified by means of judicious inquiry, then decisive progress is inevitable. And without this no amount of "parallel study" or theoretical research will avail

In the first month of service in a large wholesale establishment every employee should become complete master of the general structure of the enterprise. That framework of organization by which the enterprise is sustained should stand out as clearly before the eyes of the boy or young man who has become a part of its mechanism as would the beams, sills, braces and other timbers of a cabin being built by his own hands and destined to be his lifelong home. Grand divisions, subdivisions and departments should be sharply defined and their relationship understood

He should be able minutely, and without the omission of a single step or detail, to trace any article of merchandise from the moment of its arrival inside the house until it is in the hands of the retailer. Not only this, but he should also be able to furnish an equally accurate and detailed narrative of the process, in the way of accounting, which accompanies and records the passage of this piece of goods from the receiving door to the shipping platform

This is equivalent to learning the main thoroughfares and car lines of a strange city. After that has been accomplished the newcomer has the far more subtle and difficult task of becoming acquainted with the inhabitants of the place, and of learning the peculiar traits and characteristics which give them their individuality. So in the wholesale house. After the boy who has begun his apprenticeship has learned the main points of the compass, and can trace any kind of goods on its journey through the wholesale house from factory to customer, he must still acquaint himself with the *personnel* of the establishment; and it is here that he will learn what gives the house its individuality, its points of difference from other enterprises in the same line of trade. And in proportion as he is able to discern the "personal equation" of the house, of its officials and department heads, he will demonstrate his fitness for commercial life, which mainly is the game of judging human nature and of following a well-ordered system and method of doing things

Any boy of fair intelligence who applies himself faithfully to the task of getting his bearings in this particular will be able to tell, in a very short time, what may reasonably be expected of any particular man in the house—how he does his work, what he expects from those under his charge, how he conducts himself toward those in authority over him, how he administers and receives discipline, on what points in business ethics he is most insistent and where he is inclined to be lax or lenient, what is the surest road to his approval and to his displeasure, and—most important of all—what are the peculiarities which make him most valuable to the house and secure his permanent employment and advancement

These and a score of other equally significant inquiries should come spontaneously into the mind of every wide-awake boy or young man and find insistent application to every man of any importance in the house. And if this close study and observation of character is not spontaneous it should be cultivated until the young student of human nature is able to foretell with reasonable accuracy the line of action which any of his superiors will follow under given conditions. When he can do this well he will have mastered one of the most important problems in the course of his training, for he will know the particular forces which make the personality of his house, and he will have learned how to estimate men and forecast their actions.

How to Choose One's Line of Work

Naturally one of the first things for the beginner in the wholesale house to decide will be whether he will cast his lot with the selling or the "office" branch of the work. Too often this is determined by chance or circumstance instead of by thoughtful selection on the part of the person concerned, and results in placing him for life in a line of effort for which he has less liking and capacity than one he might have chosen to follow in the employ of the same house. Some men are natural salesmen; they have the selling instinct keenly developed, and it is as natural for them to convince customers of the merits of goods as to breathe. For a young man gifted with this selling capacity to work along the course of an "office" career is a lamentable waste of material. But this is constantly occurring because beginners get started in situations not in the line of their best abilities, and continue therein for no other reason than that they are started there and have not enough discernment to see that they are not working along the line of least resistance, or because, seeing this, they have not enough decision or force to find a place of the sort for which they are best adapted. In many cases, however, they lack enough force and decision to discover their own natural bent and to shape circumstances to develop that tendency Of such it is sometimes observed that they do not know their own minds because they have none to know. While this may be a trifle harsh it is altogether too true, and those who merit this criticism are the "hewers of stone and the drawers of water"—those who continue to do the rougher and poorly-paid work of a large establishment.

There is but one criterion by which all men in modern mercantile life are judged, and its name is Results. Once a salesman complained to the executive head of a large wholesale house that the morals of the manager of a certain department were not what they should be. The answer of the executive partner was: "All I know of Jones or need to know of him is written in the figures of my red book of balances. That tells the story every time. It tells me that Jones produces results—large ones, which are down in big figures on the right side of the ledger. I don't go to this red book to determine my friends and social acquaintances, those whom I invite to my home. But it does settle who shall handle my goods, and it gives me all the facts I need to make up my mind on that score."

This may have been a too radical statement, but it well enforces the point that results are the final elements on which the man in mercantile life must rest his case. Reasons and excuses will not avail. Personally I hold that no business man can afford to ignore the morals of his employees; but at the same time the man whose work yields large profits to the house with which he is connected generally has little fear

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of papers addressed To Young Men Beginning Business. Others will appear at brief intervals. Each paper will deal with a separate and important business, and be written by a man who has worked up in it from the bottom. An important feature of these articles will be the reading courses, suggested to supplement the knowledge gained in office and shop

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that anything save a suspicion against his honesty will cause his firm to dispense with [illegible] as he keeps his record as a profit producer. Therefore the men who make the greatest progress are those who can stand the test of the book of balances, who do not weary their superiors with excuses for and details of unsuccessful undertakings, and who accept the responsibilities of their positions and abide by results. Salesmen who try to make up for lack of orders by voluminous correspondence telling why they did not sell the goods do themselves harm instead of good through their epistolary efforts. The only kind of correspondence which does the salesman any great amount of good is that which is checked up in the shipping room.

In the same way the credit man comes to the final test of results: the percentage of loss in poor accounts. If this is very small—say, perhaps, from one-tenth to one twentieth of one per cent—and if the selling department cannot show that, in order to keep losses down to this point, he has contracted sales beyond the point of profit and good sense, then he is entitled to feel that the verdict of results is well earned.

There seems to be a great demand in these days for outlines of home-study courses, which the ambitious boy or young man may follow in his leisure hours, and thereby add directly to his business efficiency. The possibilities of such a course for the beginner in a wholesale mercantile house are almost unlimited, but the books to which he should be referred can only be suggested by the nature of his individual work. Do his daily tasks bring him into contact with laces or shawls or tapestries and carpets? Then let him go to the public library and secure books which will place before him the history of lace making, of shawl, tapestry and carpet weaving. By persistent reading, supplemented with keen observation of the goods themselves, he may soon learn to judge of their relative values and their artistic merits. There is scarcely an article known to wholesale commerce which has not a literature of its own. And the beginner who at night reads about the articles which he handles in the daytime will find them far more interesting, and he will be able to talk intelligently and entertainingly of them to others. There are few books of any especial value so far as I am informed which have been written with especial reference to the needs of learners in the field of wholesale merchandising. Nearly all those which are likely to prove helpful to beginners in this business apply broadly to a man who seeks success in other lines in the world of affairs.

In Sir Arthur Help's Essays Written in the Intervals of Business may, perhaps, be found more shrewd and homely wisdom and sound philosophy regarding business and the principles which lead to success than can be found in any other volume, excepting, of course, the Bible. Almost every faculty required in achieving a substantial business success is there analyzed in the most clear and searching manner. The young man who is ambitious to get ahead in commercial life and who will master the principles so simply but adroitly set forth in this little volume of essays, will not need to follow any elaborate course of reading.

Probably the most valuable book relating to the more technical side of merchandising is that called How to Do Business as Business is Done in the Great Commercial Centres by Dr. Seymour Eaton. This is a series of treatise on the most essential forms and definitions, and it also takes up, in a very entertaining manner, the trade features of the great commercial nations of the world; also it has a commendable chapter on commercial law.

For the young man who is particularly interested in export and import trade I should recommend Modern Business Methods, by Frederick Hooper and James Graham. Although this is an English book it is very comprehensive and contains a large amount of information which would be of practical use to an executive in an American house importing large quantities of goods.

A very practical volume which should be read by the beginner who has an eye on the credit desk is called Whom to Trust, and is written by P. R. Earling.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

(Continued from Page 11)

"Captain Curtis returns the compliments and thanks Captain Maynard for his prompt and most opportune arrival. Jack, I'm mighty glad to see you."

Maynard dismounted and they shook hands. "Same to you, old man. What's all the row?"

A clear, distant voice cried: "By columns of four into line—march!"

And turning again Curtis saw the squadron taking form as it crossed the stream. It required his most heroic effort to keep the tears from his eyes as he caught the familiar gleam of brass and steel and watched the splendid play of the gray horses' legs beneath their broad chests. There was something inexorable in their advance.

Turning to the Sheriff he said. "Sheriff Winters, this warrant is bogus—forged this morning by some one of your lynching party. The ink is hardly dry. I decline to serve it——" and he tore it into strips and flung it on the ground.

"Halt!" cried the Lieutenant, and with jingle of sabre and diminishing thunder of hoofs the squadron stopped within fifty feet of the Agency gate, and out of the dust a young Lieutenant rode forward and saluted.

"Squadron B reports for duty!"

"Hold your position, Mr. Payne!" replied Captain Maynard.

"I just *love* that Captain Maynard!" said Jennie fervently.

"I'll tell him," said Lawson.

"Now," said Maynard, "what's it all about? Nice gang this!"

The mob, that had been so loud of mouth, now sat in silence as profound as if they had been smitten dumb. It was easy to threaten and flourish pistols in the face of an Indian Agent with a dozen women to protect, but this wall of Uncle Sam's blue was a different barrier, not to be lightly overleapt. They were not accustomed to facing such forces as these.

"Now, what is it all about?" repeated Maynard, composing his comedy face into a look of military sternness.

Curtis replied swiftly in a low voice: "A herder has been killed. These cattlemen say by a Tetong, but there is no evidence of it. These men are here without legal sanction. The warrant just served was a clumsy forgery. They are here to demand Chiefs Grayman and Elk to hold against the tribe till they produce the murderer. This is in effect a lynching party on Federal territory. What would you do in such a case?"

"Order them off, instanter!"

"Precisely. I have done so, but they will not go."

Maynard turned and remounted his horse. Saluting he said:

"Captain Curtis, I am ready to execute any order that you may give."

Curtis saluted. "Sheriff Winters, with all due respect to your office, I request you to withdraw. Captain Maynard will escort you to the borders of the Reservation. When you have a warrant properly executed, send or bring it to me and I will use every effort to serve it. Good-morning, sir!"

Maynard turned to Sheriff Winters and Yarpe: "Gentlemen, my orders are to escort you to the borders of the Reservation. You will at once order your men to 'bout face and take the shortest road to the boundary."

"You'll hear from this!" said the Sheriff. "You'll find the State won't stand any such foolishness."

Yarpe's ferocity had entirely evaporated. "'Bout face, boys, we're not fightin' the United States Army—I had enough o' that in '63. Clear out! Our bluff don't go."

Captain Maynard drew his sword. "Attention, squadron! Into line—forward, march!"

The tired horses lifted their heads as the dusty troopers forced them into action. The cowboys, cursing under their breath, whirled their ponies and followed Yarpe, the redoubtable. The Sheriff brought up the rear, still contending for the rights of the county—but he retreated. Small as the dusty squadron looked, it was too formidable, both because of its commanders and because of the majestic idea it embodied. He would fight, but it would be in another way.

As the squadron fell in behind and was hidden by the dust of their passing Curtis turned to where Elsie was standing. He was smiling, but his limbs were stiffened and inert by reason of the rigidity of his long position before the posse.

"The white helmet wasn't a minute too soon," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

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Sponges by Wet Weight

Dr. Ernst J. Lederle

DR. ERNST J. LEDERLE who was appointed on January 1 as Health Commissioner of New York by Mayor Low, has for thirteen years been in the Department of which he is now the head. During most of that time the heads of the Department were Tammany Hall politicians. Doctor Lederle was the Chief Chemist of the Department, and he was protected by Civil Service rules. But, even without such protection, it is doubtful if any one would have ventured to disturb him, because even the most violent advocates of the spoils system concede that there must always be somebody who is really fitted to do the work in order that the others may continue to draw their salaries and absorb the glory.

Doctor Lederle went into the Department fresh from Columbia College, where he graduated with high honors from the department of chemistry. He became an Assistant Chemist and Milk Inspector, and finally worked up to the position of Chief Chemist with a salary of $2500 a year. From this place he now jumps into the Presidency of the Board with a salary of $7500 a year, a chance to make a glorious record, and the opportunity to be known as one of the principal members of a notable municipal administration.

Doctor Lederle is thirty-seven years old, weighs about a hundred and eighty-five pounds, and is a fine type of fine physical manhood. He stands six feet one inch in his stockings, and is built in proportion, having a pair of shoulders that a prize fighter might envy. These shoulders have stood him in good stead on more than one occasion when his duties brought him in contact with burly butchers who were violating the law, or with a contingent of Jersey milkmen, on whose wagons he would descend in the gray of the early morning, seizing every quart of milk that he found to be below the legal test in richness.

On one occasion he headed a raid on a slaughter-house located near the East River. It had been under suspicion for some time, and it was on a dark night, when it was known that the place would be in full blast, that the raid was made. Doctor Lederle was accompanied by his faithful satellite, a wiry little Irishman, who will tell you that any one who thinks there is a greater man on earth than Lederle is simply silly. There were also several others in the party as it was feared there might be trouble.

Arrived at the premises, the Doctor was met by a burly foreman who, without waiting to have him state his business, told him to "Get out of here."

"I am a Health Inspector," said the young giant, "and I'm not going to get out; I am going to go through the premises."

"Well, you can't."

The Doctor thought he could and said so, and thereupon a body of employees tried to prevent his entrance. Then came a surprise. Doctor Lederle, in his day, had been a splendid football player, but the way he rushed that crowd of men, at the head of his forces, would have been a revelation to his best friends.

It is said that never thereafter was the young chemist interfered with when he chose to visit a slaughter-house, for his reputation traveled like lightning.

In his dealings with his superiors, the Tammany Hall politicians, Doctor Lederle was quite as fearless. During the reform campaign which resulted in Mayor Low's election, Justice William Travers Jerome used to tell with great effect a "sponge story" to illustrate the methods that prevailed under Tammany control.

"In one of the Departments," Mr. Jerome said, "an order was put in by an employee for five pounds of sponges. In due course of time, two sponges, about as big as an apple and weighing altogether perhaps five ounces, were delivered. With the goods came a voucher acknowledging the receipt of five pounds of sponges, which the employee was requested to sign. He declined, though repeatedly pressed to affix his name. Finally the contractor who supplied the sponges called on him.

"'Why don't you sign that voucher?' he demanded.

"'Because it calls for five pounds of sponges and the things you delivered to me were simply little nubbins that didn't weigh more than five ounces.'

"'Why, you're foolish—we weighed them before they were delivered.'

"We persisted the employee, 'so did I. I weighed them carefully. Here they are now; you can weigh them for yourself.'

"The contractor looked at him in amaze.

"'Great Scott, man!' he said; 'you don't mean to say you weighed them dry!'"

There has been much speculation as to the hero of this tale. Mr. Jerome always declined resolutely to give his name. It will be news, therefore, to the thousands who have heard this story told, that the man who weighed sponges dry, under a Tammany contract, was Doctor Lederle.

Discomfited by Mr. Irish

Mr. John P. Irish, Naval Officer of Customs at San Francisco, who has been spending considerable time in Washington this winter attending to Federal matters, is an Iowan and a former neighbor of the new Secretary of the Treasury, Governor Shaw. "Iowa has produced many brilliant orators," said Mr. William L. Culbertson, President of the First National Bank, of Carroll, Iowa, who was present in Washington to welcome Governor Shaw, "and Irish is one of them."

The naval office which Colonel Irish fills is a branch of the Treasury Department. It is one of a series of similar offices which were established for the sake of convenience and economy in certain Customs districts where the extent of transactions makes it impracticable to forward a daily accounting to the Department at Washington.

The power of Mr. Irish as an orator has been recognized by political leaders and he has been much in demand in big campaigns. Prior to Bryan's first nomination for the Presidency Mr. Irish had engaged in several joint debates with the Nebraskan, and during both national campaigns he was commissioned by the Republican managers to follow in Bryan's wake. Wherever Bryan spoke, there on the following night Irish would address the people.

Irish is a man of nimble wit. On one occasion, while addressing a convention, some delegates opposed to the course which he was urging began to hiss.

Instantly his followers shouted rebuke. The voice of Irish, which in carrying power has been likened to Webster's, rose above the clamor.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing his supporters and waving his hand toward the hissing delegation, "let them hiss. I have always been an advocate of absolute liberty of expression. Neither in this convention nor out of it would I apply closure to the means employed to vocalize the thoughts of men or the predilections of animals. The snake hisses out of instinctive venom, the goose hisses out of the stupidity of its nature, and all creatures, including man, should have equal rights to express themselves according to their congenital endowment.

Then, turning to his disturbers, Mr. Irish added: "You may, gentlemen, if that is the ordained method for the expression of your emotions, continue to hiss."

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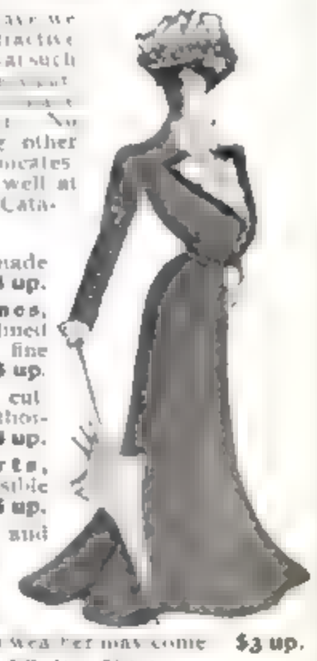

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HOW MONEY IS BURNED IN NEW YORK

By Paul Latzke

THE stories of recent New York real-estate deals, told in the preceding paper, sound like fairy tales, but they are wonderfully true. Near Herald Square stands the old Broadway Tabernacle. Twenty years ago, when the Park Theatre was burned down, a company of capitalists offered to back Henry E. Abbey, the lessee of the Park Theatre, in a new enterprise, provided he should find a suitable location. He hit upon the northeast corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway (or Sixth Avenue as it really is, the two arteries coming to a junction there) and approached the church people to find out what they would sell for. They offered to let it go at $140,000. This was considered a prohibitive price and the project fell through. A few weeks ago the Broadway Tabernacle property changed hands, the buyers paying $1,300,000 for the plot. It is said that a great hotel is to be erected there

It is difficult, even for an imaginative person, to follow the things that have happened in the district directly affected by this boom. I say directly, because, indirectly, the entire city has been affected, values everywhere having jumped at a fabulous rate. Some indication, however, of what is taking place, and what the future will show, is presented by the physical aspect of the boom territory. It looks as though it had been bombarded Whole blocks of buildings have been razed, great stretches covering acre upon acre lie bare; everywhere the steam drill, manned by fiercely toiling attendants, is at work. The clatter and noise from these drills is deafening, continuous and endless; it goes on morning, noon and night. For three and four blocks at a stretch these great gaps have been torn, until it looks as though the entire town were being demolished. Events have come so fast, and are so recent, that only the era of destruction has set in. No one has yet made sufficient progress to show signs of rebuilding. When the structures that are planned, and for which preparations are making, are finished, a new city will have arisen, and the geography of Manhattan Island will practically have been recast

At present the island is entirely cut off from the land that lies on either side of the rivers that surround it. When the work of reconstruction is finished it will have been tightly joined to Jersey on the one side and Long Island on the other. The Pennsylvania Railroad is to bore from the west under the Hudson River, and the Long Island Railroad from the east under the East River. It will no longer be that you can get into the city from the rest of the world only by paddling across in a ferryboat or coming over one of the few bridges that now exist. The enormous difference that this will make can be appreciated. It will bring hundreds of thousands of shoppers every day from the outlying territory, and will people that territory with additional hundreds of thousands who are now confined to the narrow limits of the island, because they object to the transferring necessary for residence in the beautiful country that lies in the suburban districts

Prodigious Rents for Apartments

It is this consideration, the knowledge that the improvements now making will bring an influx of patrons hitherto impossible, that has brought about the tremendous scramble for business locations in this central district; for all the territory of which I have spoken is to be used hereafter for shops, hotels, theatres, and for office buildings. The locations are entirely too expensive for ordinary residence purposes, though the district is to be by no means barren of dwelling-houses, the new style of dwelling houses which are springing up everywhere in New York—the houses occupied by apartment dwellers.

Both in the boom territory, and beyond to the east and west and north, new apartment houses are everywhere building. They are being constructed on a scale of magnificence which rivals that of the millionaire's palace, in fact they are millionaires' palaces, the only difference being that whereas the ordinary palace stands by itself on a lot, or a half dozen lots, here there are a dozen or two dozen palaces grouped under one roof, each superbly appointed, and each as distinct from its neighbor just across the hall as though they were miles apart. And it is only the millionaire who can afford to occupy them. There are to-day in New York fully one hundred apartments that rent anywhere from ten to sixteen thousand dollars a year, and the number is increasing by scores. And none of them, so far as I have learned, are vacant

The time is fast approaching when the man with an ordinary income cannot live in the central part of New York, no matter what inconvenience he may be willing to put up with. Two-room suites, with a private bath, even in the less pretentious apartment houses, rent for one hundred dollars a month, and from that they go steadily upward in size and price. These rentals are simply for the four walls; they do not include a stick of furniture. But though there are only four walls in these apartments, they represent an outlay in the shape of decorations that runs everywhere into enormous figures—the finest carving, the most beautiful mantels, chandeliers that are gems of the metal-worker's art, bath rooms that would have filled the old Romans with amaze, even kitchens that are perfect nests of luxury

Hotel Life for Multi-Millionaires

The most modest of these apartments are filled with furniture and hangings that, in the past, were known only to a limited few. I know of one apartment on Madison Avenue that rents for twelve thousand dollars a year, in which the furnishings are insured for four hundred thousand dollars. The man who occupies it, a millionaire many times over, spent, though he has only a two-year lease, fifty thousand dollars in permanent decorations and improvements, things that he cannot remove when his term is up. He tore out all the beautiful work that had been put in the apartment at a cost of thousands and thousands of dollars, and replaced the decorations with others patterned after his own designs. It is the Era of Burning Money

How much has been added to the tangible wealth of New York by all these increases in land values, rents, etc., it is impossible for me to say. That is a question for the political economists to figure out. This much is apparent to any one who cares to look around: money is being circulated at a rate that eclipses all past records. It is the scramble of the shopkeepers, the purveyors to this epoch of luxury, that has forced up rents and land values. It is because the people here are so eager to spend money that the persons who cater to them are practically unable to keep up with the demand. To-day the limit has apparently been reached in display and indulgence, when lo! to-morrow the doings of to-day pale into insignificance

For years it has been said that the acme of luxury in hotel-keeping was reached at the Waldorf-Astoria, where the guests and the ordinary strollers in the lobby walk on Oriental rugs and gaze on art treasures beyond price scattered about the reception-rooms and parlors. Now plans are announced for a hotel farther up the Avenue that is to make the Waldorf look like an inn by comparison. Here guests are to dine off china the smallest piece of which will cost five dollars. The table napery is to be woven by the finest looms in France. The lodgers are to sleep in chambers in which every article would rival the furniture once used by kings alone. The men behind this scheme are all practical, hard-headed business experts who would not invest a dollar except in a certainty, and they feel that they have a certainty here

It is not alone the money that is being made in New York which they rely on, nor is it this money alone that is enriching the tradesmen and hotel-keepers and others to-day; in fact, the money made on Manhattan

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr Paul Latzke's two papers on this subject.

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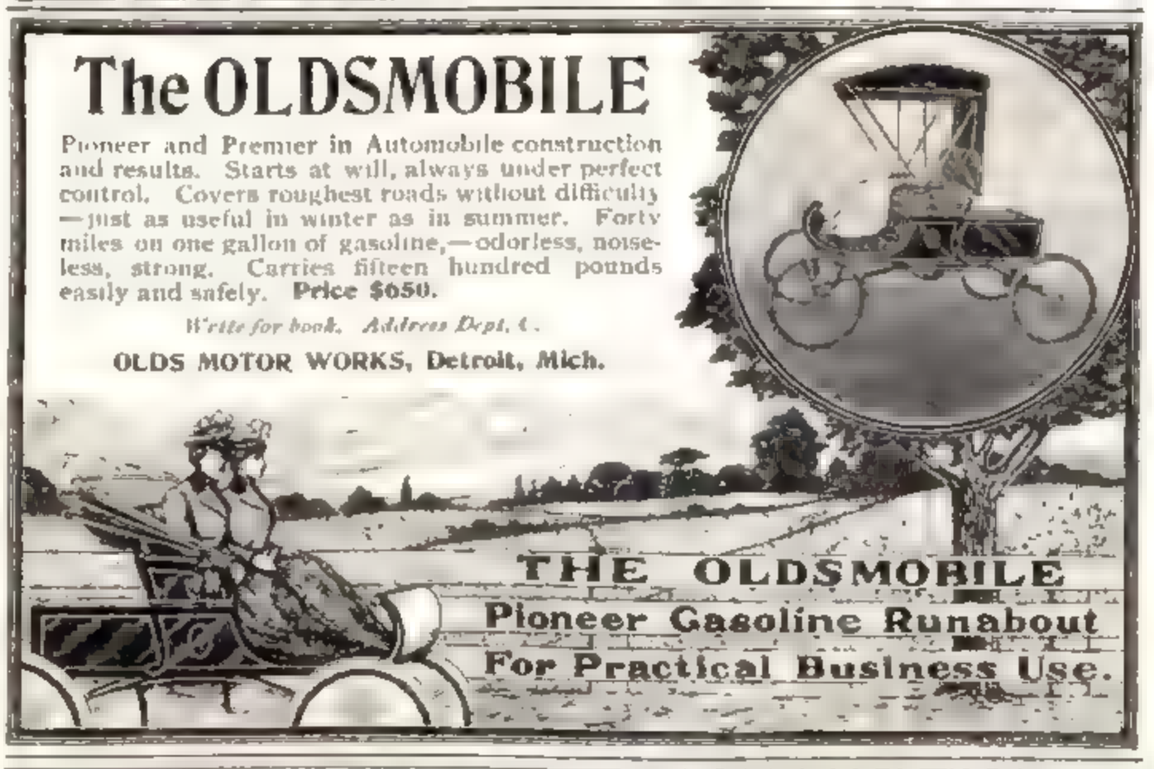
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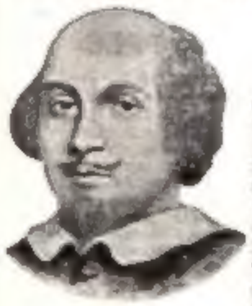

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Island plays, after all, a comparatively small part in the present carnival of luxury. Most of it comes from outside. The financial end of the enormous industrial development that has come upon the country, causing factories and mills and foundries and machine shops and steel works to run day and night, throughout the length and breadth of the land, is all focused here. The consolidations that have been effected, with their consequent increase in production and decrease in cost, have planted many organizations in the metropolis, where the management is centralized.

The formation of the Billion Dollar Steel Corporation brought a whole colony of multimillionaires to the metropolis. Under the old order these men were scattered about the country, in Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis and elsewhere. Now they make their homes in New York, where the brains of the enterprise lie, and where their services as directors are necessary. The copper kings, the oil kings, all the kings of finance, of commerce, of transportation, of industry, have flocked to this centre, and it is they who are, undoubtedly, mainly responsible for the present boom that has come upon New York.

These men are all prodigal. As a general thing, however, they do not spend vulgarly. A few of them may be loud and ostentatious; but the great majority are solid, substantial, sensible people who, though they demand the best that can be had for money, eschew the garish. Ordinarily a sudden flood of money in a community, such as has come upon us here, breeds coarse display and parade. New York is enjoying the unique spectacle of the usual display and parade without any, or with very little, of the accompanying coarseness. Though the number of richly dressed women has enormously increased, and though the gowns seen in street and lobby are more magnificent than any we have had before, they are also more elegant. It is evident that they are enormously costly, but they are also enormously beautiful.

The Don't Worry Club

By Charles Battell Loomis

I VISITED John Wainwright, of Ferndale, last week. He has lately joined a Don't Worry Club, and I watched how he didn't worry while I was there with a view to forming a sister organization.

I am a very old friend of his, and in times past I had seen and heard him getting ready to go out of an evening. He would rampage around, hunting for his necktie and his gold studs and his chest protector, and the house would echo with his wild cries until he had departed. But now all was changed. Very calmly and evenly he said to his wife—I sat in the parlor, and the house is a perfect whispering gallery—"Rose, dear, where did I put my necktie and my studs and my chest protector?" And she answered that she didn't know. Then (as she told me afterward) he picked up a magazine and sat down in a rocking-chair and said: "Please find them, dear, so that I sha'n't miss my train."

And the devoted woman began a search. She hunted high and low and got terribly worked up about it, for she is of a nervous temperament, but he worried no longer. He was deep in a political article and the noise of her search came to him as from afar and with no disturbing force. Once he did look up and say: "Be calm, Rose. Be like me. I have joined the Don't Worry Club."

Rose threw nothing whatever at him. I dare say her color heightened, but she continued the search, looking in every impossible place for his things, and at last found that he was sitting on them.

She was a little vexed at this but his calmness was undisturbed. "A soft answer, my dear, turneth away wrath. Be calm."

She left the room, but I heard her say: "You'd better put down that paper or you'll miss your train."

"Nothing gained by hurry or worry, dear," said he sweetly, and finished the article. Then he looked at his watch and saw that he should not be able to reach the station by walking, but would have to take a trolley.

"Blashfield," called he to his eldest son, who was wrapped up in a boy's book in the parlor, "hurry out to the corner and watch for the trolley. I'll be along in time for it, but you hail it."

Blashfield sullenly threw down his book, but not until the even tones of his father had come down the stairs a second time. He rose languidly to his feet and went grumbling out to the hall closet for his coat and hat.

"Come, Blashfield, get a move on you. I can't afford to miss that trolley."

It was curious to see how uneasy Mrs. Wainwright was. She had joined me in the parlor and she could settle down to nothing. She picked up and dropped half a dozen books and magazines, and kept saying: "I'm so afraid he'll miss that train."

Wainwright was going in to New York to attend the New England dinner, and I had come out to see that no thieves broke in and stole during his absence.

The trolley passes right by Wainwright's door and he knows every motorman and conductor, and they hold cars a little longer in Ferndale than they do in the metropolitan district.

Finally he came slowly down the stairs in immaculate evening clothes. I noticed then for the first time how much Wainwright has gained in weight since he took up his new principles. I glanced from him to his wife and was surprised to note that she had fallen off in weight.

As he entered the parlor we heard the gong of the trolley at the next corner.

"Good-by, Hurry, John, or you'll surely miss it."

"Where's my hat, Rose?" said he imperturbably, and Mrs. Wainwright literally scrambled around the room in a frantic search for it. Fortunately it was in plain sight in the fourth corner she visited. She handed it to him and he stooped and kissed her.

"Hurry up, papa!" we heard Blashfield yell from outside, and Mr. Wainwright hastened his steps a little but not much.

"I'll go down to the station with you," said I, and entered the forward end as he came in at the rear door of the car. A fat and choleric old man was saying to everybody: "Blamed outrage, holding a car full of people for anybody. Don't care if it was the president himself. This road is run for the public and not for individuals."

He was so red and puffy that I half expected him to blow up. Wainwright said to me under his breath: "What an exhibition of himself that man is making. I suppose I was like that; in fact, I *know* I was like that before I joined the Don't Worry Club."

The car had waited a full minute for Wainwright and by so doing lost the right of way and had to wait at the next switch for nearly five minutes. Several of the passengers were going as far as the station and from their conversation I found out that they were in danger of missing the up-country train owing to the delay. Some grumbled internally and expressed it only in their looks; some were explosive like our fat friend. Wainwright was the only one who took the delay calmly, and as his train would not leave until five minutes after the other one perhaps he had a better reason for being calm.

Just as we reached the station the up train pulled out. Three of the passengers ran for it and caught it, but the apoplectic gentleman could not run and he vented his spleen on Wainwright.

"You've made me miss my train," said he. "Now I've got to wait half an hour in this confounded station for the next one."

"I'm very sorry that you've missed your train," said Wainwright, ignoring the other's implication, "but let me tell you, sir, that worrying won't do a bit of good. Your train has gone and wild horses could not drag it back. Be calm. Do as I have done. Join the Don't Worry Club."

"Why, were you trying for this train?" said the old man, almost gleefully.

"No, sir; here is my train coming now," said Wainwright, going up over the bridge to take the down train.

"Well, you and your Don't Worry Club be ——! You fellows who don't worry are the cause of more worry to others than any other class of men. Your wife must lead a dog's life."

All this was roared after Wainwright, who did not deign to make a reply.

The down train came to a standstill.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"I'm sorry I've got to go away to-night, but I'll see you at breakfast. Take good care of the house. And now that you've seen the reform not worrying has worked in me I ——"

"Will you please get aboard?" said the conductor, tapping Wainwright on the shoulder. "I'm behindhand already. Train can't stop for conversations."

Now this was unwarrantable on the part of the conductor. Any one could see with half an eye that he did not belong to the Don't Worry Club, for as long as I could see him he was talking excitedly and gesticulating to a brakeman, while Wainwright had pulled out his evening paper and was snugly ensconced in a whole seat.

But I'm doubtful whether I'll become a member myself just yet.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

A Story of the Steel Mills

Mr. I. K. Friedman

Here is an epic of the steel mills, by Mr. I. K. Friedman, which will not soon be surpassed *(By Bread Alone: McClure, Phillips & Co.)*. It has bigness, breadth and point. Both in perception and power it far exceeds anything its author has ever attempted, and if there is in American fiction another picture of the steel mills equal in vividness and accuracy to this, it is not recalled at the moment.

Whatever may be thought of certain details and characters there is no mistaking the power and clearness with which the author has drawn the steel mills, grim, dominant and terrifying—monsters half man and half machine; a something born of the marvelous in mechanism and the brutish in man. Whatever may be the enchantments of the "love interest" in this novel, however appealingly the affection of parent for child is presented, throughout the whole stirring recital there is never a moment's escape from the steel mills.

Though this story deals with the "problems" of labor, of socialism and of anarchy, those who seek entertainment instead of enlightenment need not fear that it will fail in the vital requisite of movement. True, it has no sword fight, but in its place an encounter infinitely more terrifying: the attempt of the Polish bully of the mills to throw the hero into the huge ladle of molten metal. Of accidents, calamities, fights, riots, battles and escapes there is no lack; but those who know this Moloch of the steel mills, with its insatiable call for sacrifice of limb and life, and the sullen discontent and the mad outbreaks which have marked the history of industrial evolution in this environment, will not accuse the author of exaggeration or sensationalism.

The volatile, unreasoning and pagan passion of the imported foreign workmen; the greed, cunning and iron will of the great capitalist; and the hopelessness of bringing these elements into unison and harmony without the long and gradual process of individual enlightenment, on the one hand, and the humanizing of those who have gone fortune-mad on the other—these are some of the themes which are played upon in this strong and virile book.

The feeblest strokes in the story are to be found in its opening chapters, where the hero is introduced with a laudatory description instead of being allowed at once to play his part and disclose his own character. There may be sons of rich fathers as hopelessly "caddish" as the Marvin twins; but they are not numerous. The character of LaVelle is well drawn. So also are those of the other members of the anarchist group. Altogether Mr. Friedman has given us a most graphic and moving story. —*Forrest Crissey.*

Under the Skylights

Mr. Henry B. Fuller has had the satisfaction of seeing Under the Skylights *(D. Appleton & Co.)* abundantly praised in the high places of literature and by the discriminating critics who count. Even the wayfaring man and the writer of pot-boilers can understand the satire and sly sarcasm of Doctor Gowdy and the Squash, for the author, though he has lost nothing of the delicacy of his earlier style, has, from mingling with his fellow men and women and emerging in a sense from his shell, acquired a more catholic vehicle for his thoughts, so that in this, his latest book, we have Henry Fuller translated into the modern tongue. In his first two books he was, like Emerson, a poet for poets. The *hoi polloi* made vain essays to scale the glistening heights but slipped back every time. It was too much like work. Only the most discriminating of the discriminating, the scholar of the scholars, the distinguished dilettante who knew, could appreciate his art. The few who knew, remembered. "Nothing but a miracle," said literary Chicago, "could bring him down to us without losing all that makes him Henry Fuller." But lo! the miracle has taken place, for he has been so happy in his choice of subjects that, while retaining all his Fullerism in this book, the *hoi polloi* can read and understand and chuckle and grin, and indicate with a jerk of the thumb the subjects of his satire. But never, oh never, dear *hoi polloi*, whether you be of the strenuous West or of the effete East, can you know just how delicately wicked is the satire, how permeating the ginger, how piercing the point of his pen, unless you belong to the Little Room and have sat cheek by jowl with Medora Giles and Little O'Grady and Abner Joyce.

Oh, Little Room of the early days before you got promiscuous! How you must revel in these medallion portraits! And oh, a wicked grin comes over the face of The One Who Knows when the thought of Chicago's chagrin penetrates the brain. Chicago, the Well Pleased With Herself! How does she bear the scath? Or is she still so completely contented with her equestrian statues that she does not get the full force of the delicate but deadly blows of a master's hand?

Take, for instance, the history of the group of statuary presented to the city by "Andrew P. Hill" and set up before the Art Institute. I lean back farther and tuck my feet up even more comfortably when I think of it, for that was *so* bad that even the Chicago city officials, who will accept almost anything (if you don't believe it, cast an eye over Chicago's municipal art; it is even worse than New York's—if such a thing be possible!), were forced to see Public Opinion demand its transfer to the dust heap.

Oh, the patient plodding of that little handful of artists under the skylights! The forlornness of their hopes! The hopelessness of their outlook! I know them all. I have drunk their tea. I have sniffed their turpentine. I have listened with an aching heart to the story of their vain efforts to educate a big, cruel, commercial city. It is a bit of live, palpitating history that Mr. Fuller has written. The hopes builded on promises of orders that never came! The Grindstone is a real bank. The directors (but you won't believe this, I know) are really as ignorant and stupid and fanatical as he makes them out. The new shoes counted on for the children, the samples of the promised dress flung into the fire, when the directors finally decided to calcimine the walls, are true a hundred times over. Henry Fuller never intended to be pathetic—he would be astonished if he knew—but I actually felt two tears meander slowly down my countenance—not particularly on account of the shoes and gown—people can outlive things of that sort—but because America, the West in particular, is full of Grindstone bank directors—the only people with money enough to patronize Art and who prefer the Squash to a bit of American landscape by an American artist who knows.

Little O'Grady came crashing in to see me here in New York not long after the bank episode, and raged up and down making my china dance on its shelves while he declared that he was coming East "to God's country" to work after this. He is one of the best drawn of all the characters in Under the Skylights.

I have saved Abner Joyce for the last. There is a miracle for you if you like, for Abner Joyce is a well-known Western author, and that author and Mr. Fuller are still friends. What do you think of that? The clever heroine of The Downfall of Abner Joyce is, of course, the wife of the author just referred to, and to her we who know owe a debt of gratitude, as well as to Mr. Fuller for doing her tact and skill such full justice.

Henry Fuller has never done stronger work than in these silhouettes. He has changed his vocabulary to a certain extent. He has got a new and warmer feeling for words. He has substituted charcoal for pen-and-ink sketches, but, owing to the master mind which has guided both, he has discriminated in their use. I might make a few suggestions as to his discursiveness and superabundance of characters for actual need, but I am held back by an appreciation of his skill. Let somebody else tell him of the flaws. I am in leash to the delicacy of his satire and the firmness of his touch. Let everybody who reads Art Notes and Gossip of Authors, or who has ever heard of The Little Room, read Under the Skylights! —*Lilian Bell.*

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After having worn the plaster-of-paris jackets, I can truthfully say your appliance is far more comfortable to wear. It corrects curvature quite as well and fits the body so perfectly that no one would suspect I was wearing one. You have my life-long gratitude and well wishes. IDA BLOOD.

The plaster-of-paris jacket above mentioned weighed 8½ lbs. The Philo Burt Appliance put on in its place weighed 13 ounces—a difference of 115 ounces.

Philo Burt Mfg. Co., 9 Third St., Jamestown, N.Y.

FREE CENTER PIECE SIX LARGE DOILIES AND TWO SMALL ONES

How to Obtain Them FREE

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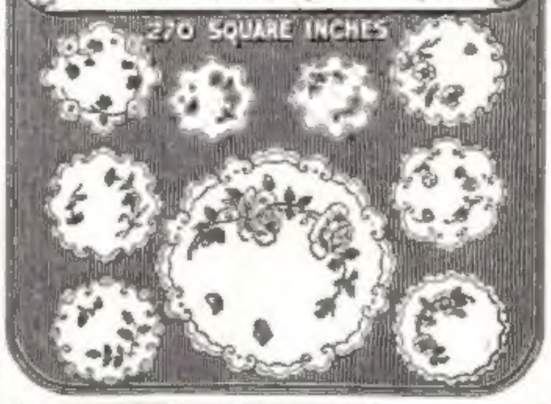
BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Dept. 76, Chicago, Ill.



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PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No Attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for "INVENTOR'S GUIDE."

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A specially imported wax, chemically treated, so that when it is once rubbed over the iron the latter is cleaned as if by magic. It prevents all odor, giving the work that beautiful silky polish sought for by the laundress.

Not only the Best, but the Most Economical

Why? Because each fine cut stick of F. P. C. Wax is in an automatic wooden holder, which keeps it from dripping; it never loses shape, and is good until the last particle of wax is used. The handle saves your fingers from burns.

If your grocer tries to substitute the old wax, that spoils your ironing and your temper, send 10 cents for two sticks to the

F. P. C. Wax Co., 1 Union Square, New York City

"I Have Earned $10.00"

THE Philadelphia boy whose photograph is shown in this advertisement earned $10.00 in three weeks by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Friday afternoons and Saturdays. Many hundreds of other boys all over the country are making as much money as this boy—some make more. Any bright boy who reads this notice can do the same. It will not interfere with school hours. You need no capital to start. We will send 10 copies the first week **free**, which you can sell for 5 cents each. This will provide you with capital to order the next week's supply, which will be furnished at **wholesale** prices.

$200 In Extra Prizes
EACH MONTH
to boys who sell 15 copies, or more, each week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

almost sells itself. You can get your relatives and friends to promise to take it regularly, and all you have to do is to deliver the magazines each week. Write to-day for booklet containing photographs of some of our most successful boys, with letters telling how they work. If you wish to begin at once selling the magazines say so, and we will send the 10 free copies.

Circulation Bureau, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

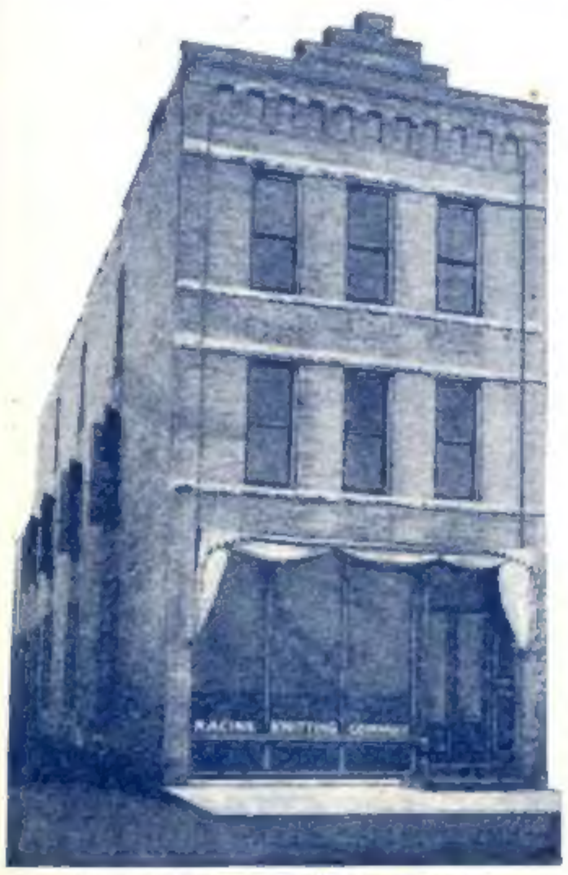
An Unusual Opportunity for Safe Investment

Investment Secured by Our $250,000.00 of Assets

HERE'S OUR PLAN

The Racine Knitting Company, of Racine, Wis., offers 10,000 shares of treasury stock at par, $10.00 per share, fully paid, non-assessable, and drawing at the present time semi-annual dividends of 3%

This Company is engaged in the manufacture of RACINE FEET, the RACINE brand of Hosiery and Underwear, products sold by the Mail Order method direct to consumers, through catalogues or local salesmen. The business of the Company is already such that the officers of the Company could dispose of these 10,000 shares in a single lump without difficulty. That, however, is not the plan.

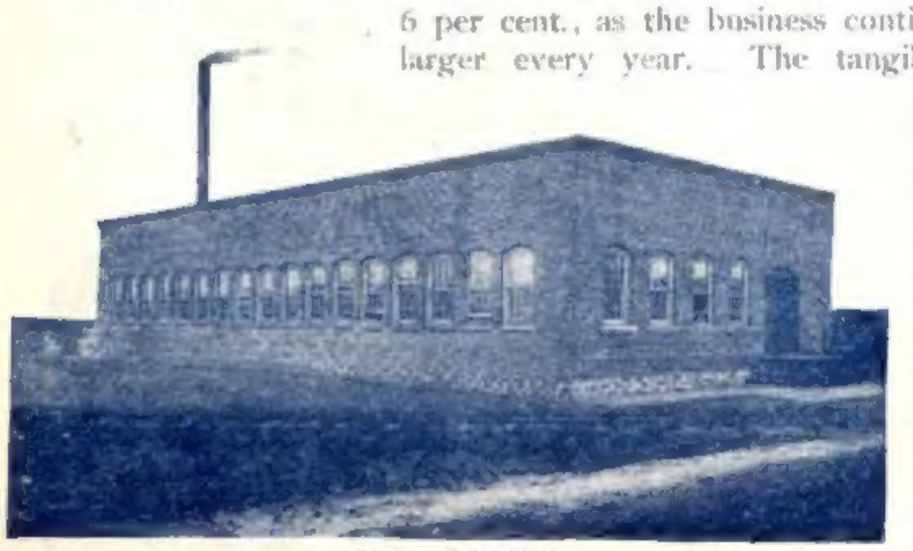


General Offices and Mail Order Shipping Department at Racine, Wis.

In considering the sale of this treasury stock, the Directors of the Company prefer to distribute 10,000 shares among as many individual holders throughout the country as possible. We want to interest the public in our goods and believe this is a cheap and effective method of accomplishing the purpose.

We feel that the influence of several hundred stockholders with a selfish interest in the increase of the business will largely increase the profits. The present earnings of the Company are sufficient to pay 3 per cent. semi-annually or 6 per cent. annually.

Little doubt exists that the dividends will be much larger than 6 per cent., as the business continues to grow larger every year. The tangible assets of the Racine Knitting Co. are over a quarter of a million dollars; its capital stock is $250,000.00 and its assets in the way of good will are hard to estimate.



Stevens Point Factory

In General. The Racine Knitting Company was incorporated in 1889, and until 1895 produced a line of woolen half hose only and sold the product to the retail trade. In 1896 the present management assumed control and immediately increased the business by the addition of more machinery, and began the manufacture of a complete line of woolen and cotton hosiery for men, women and children. In 1897, finding it necessary to increase our manufacturing capacity, and our facilities for obtaining skilled labor, we built a branch factory at Stevens Point, Wis., and are at present erecting at Beloit, Wisconsin, as modern and complete a plant as can be built. In 1898 we began the manufacture of "Racine Feet," and commenced an aggressive advertising campaign, which we keep up constantly. "Racine Feet" are repair feet which are sewed to the good legs of hosiery when the feet have worn out. Through advertising we have sold thousands and thousands of dozens of this article. In fact, "Racine Feet" have outsold any knit product ever placed on the market.

Factory at Racine, Wis.

This advertising and the quality of "Racine Feet" produced a demand for good hosiery, and in 1899 we began the sale of our complete line of goods by catalogue direct to the consumer under the brand name "Racine." The quality of our hosiery produced a demand for underwear equally as good. In 1900 we added underwear machines to our equipment, and are now making as fine a line of full-fashioned underwear as is produced in the world.

Beloit Factory

We refer to any commercial agency and thousands of satisfied customers in the United States. Following are endorsements of the cashiers in two banks of Racine, Wisconsin:

COMMERCIAL SAVINGS BANK,

RACINE KNITTING CO., Racine, Wis. Racine, Wis., Oct. 18th, 1901.

Gentlemen: The writer has given careful consideration to the subject matter of the within prospectus as submitted in proof and can heartily vouch for its integrity and endorse the proposition as made.

I have been in intimate social and business relations with the officers and directors of your company for many years and am pleased to attest their reliability as business men.

Your business certainly warrants this present issue of stock and I can recommend it highly as an investment.

Yours very truly,

Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

RACINE KNITTING CO., Racine, Wis. Racine, Wis., Oct. 22, 1901.

Gentlemen: In my opinion, your prospectus sets forth your business accurately, and I can endorse your action in the present increase of your capital stock to accomplish a still further extension. My business relations with the active members of your company cover a period of many years, and I thoroughly appreciate their business integrity. An investment in the stock of your company will, I believe, prove satisfactory both as to dividends and probable future.

Yours very truly,

We will mail a complete prospectus containing the endorsements of prominent authorities on every feature of our business. A cordial invitation to visit our plants is extended to all who are looking for a safe investment, and we will be pleased to furnish any information desired. Subscriptions will be filled in the order of their receipt, and all stock will participate in dividends figured pro rata from date of issue of each certificate. Applications with remittance may be forwarded direct to Herbert S. Blake, Treasurer, Racine Knitting Co., Racine, Wis., or to the Commercial and Savings Bank, or the First National Bank, of Racine, Wis., who will hold remittances until the receipt and forwarding of the stock certificates.

We offer profitable employment to salesman in every locality soliciting orders for our hosiery and underwear

RACINE KNITTING COMPANY, Racine, Wis.